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The Seed

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SEED

CHICAGO VOL 6 NO 8 35¢

LITTLE GIRL OF ALL THE DAUGHTERS
YOU WERE BORN A WOMAN NOT A SLAVE



WORDS LAURA NYRO
MUSIC KARMA GRAPHICS

FREE CITY

FOOD FOR THE PEOPLE

There are a number of little known organizations around the city dealing with people's basic needs. The North Side Community Pantry(s) is one of these organizations. The common pantry is located at 741 Fullerton in the basement of the L.P.C.A. building. Their hours are Mon-Fri, 1-5, and they can be reached at 327-0553. Another is the Diversey Pantry at 2048 Diversey (basement), open 1:30 to 4, Mon, Wed, Fri. Their number is 327-1515. Their service is an emergency food center; enough food will be given for 2 or 3 days at a time. They serve people who can't find work, are laid off, are ill, have late welfare checks, and who are new to the city. Their needs are: volunteers to help once a week, once a month, or whatever free time you have. They need non-perishable foods, high-protein foods, canned meat, powdered milk, peanut butter, etc. A car will be available to pick these goods up.

Hopefully neighborhood grocers will set up spots in their stores where food can be collected. And what about food co-ops donating food they might have left over?

La Gente is a Free Food Pantry and a place for people to go, located in the 3400 block of Halsted. They got their food by going to some of the grocery stores in the area and asking shoppers to buy a little extra food and donate it to the Pantry. Surprisingly enough, this method worked and the people at La Gente were responsible for feeding a lot of hungry people. That'll all be changed soon if the new landlord goes through with his plans to evict them in favor of the new "hip" furniture store he wants to put in to service all the new groovy, middle-class people he expects will be migrating to that area as soon as they realize it's another "New Town."

La Gente is having a community meeting at their storefront, March 9 at 8pm, to discuss the ways in which they can fight this eviction notice. They would like as many people as possible to be aware of what's going on, so please come down to the meeting and rap with them about it.

Vol. 6, no. 8. Heavy winds. False signs of Spring stir the blood. Old friends return and offer well-wishes. Even lend a hand. Orc sleeps. Urizen trembles.

Everyone high off the incredible amount of good feedback we got this issue; some of it is published herein. Keep those letters coming. We still want to know what's going on in your neighborhood and in your head. The March Hare smiles. The Mad Tea Party is at 950 W. Wrightwood (zip 60614), and can be interrupted by calling 929-0133.

The SEED would be ridiculously grateful for donations of money, scalpels, IBM selectric-composer ribbons, file cabinets, magic markers, a safe, thumbtacks, index cards, a truck, a van or microbus, mimeo paper,

fluorescent lights, light bulbs, rapidographs, presstype, PMT paper and activator, lamps, chairs, bunkbeds, three-inch wide wrapping tape, an electric mimeo machine, functioning typewriters, a bookkeeper, the adventures of crazy kat, the Anarchist Cookbook, plastic garbage bags—very large, stamps, mailing labels, and an easy chair.

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FREE CITY EXCHANGE

Free City Exchange is ready to open again, and are waiting only til they can find a storefront at reasonable rent. Because they felt they were discredited by the article in the last issue of the Seed, we spoke to them about the changes they feel have occurred within the group.

They feel that it is impossible to be a referral service within the "alternative culture" without being political. Choices have to be made as to which of the myriad of organizations will be beneficial to people using the exchange, and which are known for hassling people. In this respect they have been contacting organizations, such as legal counseling, drup help, abortion referral, and draft counseling, to find out what they're into, and they have been seeking out feedback from people who have used these organizations, as to how they were treated there.

Since the exchange closed they have been having meetings twice a week. Through these meetings they have gotten to know each other and have become a close-knit together group. They feel that they are now a collective. At present they are not letting new members in. They want to operate as a group first before they open up to more people. Currently they are conducting security checks on everyone in the organization—twelve people. They realize that they must have tight inner security because they will be handling runaways. In their treatment of runaways they are not planning to automatically find them places to crash at, but rather to sit and rap with them first, and then determine whether to go back home, go to Looking Glass or other organizations, or just find a place to crash.

As part of their security they will no longer let anyone and everyone answer the phones. Now that they are a tight-knit organization, they feel that they can have more control over what happens in their office.

The exchange would like help from the community in several respects: They want to know what organizations people have used that have been helpful, and which have turned them away or acted badly toward them. Secondly, they need crash pads to refer people to, and thirdly they need a storefront in the Lincoln Park area which can be rented for under \$100. If you can help in any of these respects, please call Tom at 489-5950.

RICH @ - ELIOT - JERRY - INDIAN VILLAGE - STAN LEE
DIANE

PAUL BECKY MARTY
EARL DAVE LYNDIA

PETER MARALEE
H.S.R. - JON
BOBBY LINDA ME GILBERT
SUSIE

MIDWEST DOPE
DEALERS ASSN.

JOANNE
WANDERCO YOU
COURTNEY
CINDY
HEBE
THEY

US

STREET SELLERS

MARY KAYE COOL HAND
LUKE WE

ROYANNE

DETROIT ANNIE
JULIE
UNCLE MARTIN
JERRY ARTHUR
DONALD MARTIN

DR EPOD

GILL

MACHINE-GUN
LEON

FLASH
JESSE

RAK

MICHAEL
HILL

FRED SOE

TO THE WORKERS OF AUGUSTANA HOSPITAL FROM THE FRITZI ENGELSTEIN FREE PEOPLE'S HEALTH CLINIC:

The Fritz Engelstein Free People's Health Clinic has been giving free health care in this community since last May. We started with an agreement from Augustana's administrators that they would give supplies, some lab tests, X-rays, and admit some of our patients when necessary even if they don't have the money.

The hospital owed this to people for years of sending them off to Cook County instead of treating them at Augustana.

We opened our clinic to give an example of what People's health care is all about. We know ourselves that we never go to the doctor or the hospital unless there is a crisis and then we are handed bills that take years to pay off. If another crisis comes up we've had it! In the meantime every-day health care needs have to be put by the way (until they develop into a crisis themselves). Health is the second biggest money-making industry (next to defense) in the country. It has become this at the expense of our survival. To get good health care we have to work and fight for it. This is what we have done in the clinic.

Many people have pitched in. We've seen nearly 1000 patients in the last ten months, most of them over and over again. Every week, we go out to see patients needing follow-up care or who have missed an appointment. We know medical things aren't well explained to people and that often you need help dealing with doctors and hospitals. We have people called Patient Advocates who help with your medical histories, sit with you if you want while you see the doctor and help keep you from being messed around.

Many workers at Augustana have asked about the clinic. But we know many don't know much about it. You face the same medical problems everyone else does. Often you can't get good care at the Hospital or from the doctors you work for. The Free People's clinic is your clinic too. We hope you will come in as a patient if you need to, or to help work, or just to look around. Clinic hours are Monday and Wednesday 6-9 and Saturday 1-4.

The Augustana administration wants to break its agreement with us as of the 28th of this month. They want to back out because they aren't interested in giving people better care in the neighborhood. We want you to know we will keep up the fight. We will struggle to serve the people. We will conquer disease by any means necessary! We will join with you to give the people the greater medical care they deserve.

The Fritz Engelstein Free People's Health Clinic, like all other serve-the-people programs, depends on the support of the People—and the People alone. Especially at this time, it is in need of supplies, medications, doctors and other medical people, and financial support. Contact the clinic to help out at 348-8578.

FREE FOR THE ASKING

The Seed recently received a number of children's educational records on how to read and how to do multiplication tables. These records will be passed out to people in the community who's children are having a hard time learning in the present school system, and to any organization who would have a use for them. Call 929-0133 for more information.

GAYS GET TOGETHER

A seven-room house destined to become Chicago's Gay community center has been leased by the Chicago Gay Alliance and work has begun on remodeling the building. The building, located at 171 W. Elm, will eventually house the offices and meeting rooms of the CGA and also provide various activities for all of Chicago's gay population.

Probably the most important reason behind the center is the way it will provide an alternative to the bar scene. The Center is based on an entirely different

concept than the tired dances thrown now and then. The concept is that the Center is a culmination point where new ideas can begin, simply on the basis of the atmosphere it will be providing. Once completed, the center will have a kitchen, office/library, and lounges on the first floor.

Help is urgently needed. We need people to clean and paint, and we also need contributions of furniture, a stove and a fridge. Money contributions are always welcome. For further information call 337-0579 or 943-2615.

A group has formed in Chicago to relate specifically to gay Waves and sailors at Great Lakes Naval Training Center. Life in the service is plenty oppressive

if you're straight. You get told what to do, when to do it. If you're gay, you suffer the extra burden of being told who you can dig.

As gay service people, military counselors, and gay liberation activists, we've picked from our own experience a few ideas on how to deal with gay oppression in the military. We want to work with gay service people who are interested in challenging all the shit that comes down on them.

If you are interested in working with us, or have problems, please get in touch: GLF Military Project, c/o May, 2214 N. Racine, Apt. 2, Chicago 60614.

UNDERGROUND COMMUNIQUE

The following was slipped under the door in a plain brown envelope right before we went to press. The communique is from the New Year's Gang, the group responsible for the bombing of the Army Mathematics Research Center at the University of Wisconsin in Madison last fall. The New Year's Gang formed in response to the inactivity of the Madison left, and had as its purpose, doing "concrete damage to U.S. imperialism." Since the bombing they have gone underground and are only able to communicate with the rest of the world in this way.

Even though, as they admit, the communique is in places dull and hard to read, the statement says some important things, some of which we are not sure if we can agree with. In the two weeks before the next issue of SEED, we hope to mull over it and be able to respond to it. Meanwhile, we would welcome your comments on the communique.

Copies of it have been sent to Madison Kaleidoscope and Liberation News Service (LNS).

Comrades:

As political people on the F.B.I.'s most wanted list who are safely underground, we feel it important that we address the movement, especially since we and our actions have been widely misunderstood. We would appreciate you printing this and seeing that LNS and other papers get a copy. We would also appreciate you getting a special copy to Madison Kaleidoscope, so that Knops & Co. get the statement out at least simultaneously with its national publication.

We know the statement is long (and for that matter dull and rhetorical), but we still feel it important (although we would have rather made a film or given a party). The time is right considering the article in RAMPARTS this month by our comrade, Jim ("Sgt. Rock") Rowen.

We dig your paper. Carry it on.

Marion

This is a letter from the four underground members of the New Years Gang. Hopefully it will contribute to an understanding of us and our bombings. It can also be taken as a warning to our enemies that we are still around.

First, a short history: In December, 1969, the first cadres of the New Years Gang came together under the irreverently self-indulgent name, "The Vanguard of the Revolution." The Vanguard's purpose -- concrete damage to U.S. imperialism -- became clear within weeks through its New Years bombing offensive which included the aerial bombing of the Badger Ordnance Works. It was after this popular wave of attacks that we were given our present handle.

The formation of the Gang was a response to the failures of the Madison left during the previous fall to force implementation of its demands that the University of Wisconsin sever all ties with the military. The bombings, however, we saw as a complement to mass struggle, not a substitute for it, and our demands were basically the same as those made by S.D.S. three months earlier: abolition of the Army Mathematics Research Center, R.O.T.C. and the Land Tenure Center. Foremost in our minds was the 1962 Declaration of Havana which advised "the role of Job does not behave a revolutionary. Each year by which America's liberation may be hastened will mean millions of children rescued from death, millions of minds freed for learning, infinitudes of sorrows spared the peoples. . ."

It was with this attitude that we then began preparing to implement the demand to abolish the A.M.R.C., a demand which the University administration had refused to negotiate -- even in the face of two years' cumulative research which clearly implicated the Center in major imperialist programs: everything from ABM to weapons procurement to nuclear "defense" strategy. To be sure, our intentions were not "symbolic." The people of Wisconsin had been educated with regard to the AMRC. The time had come to implement the demand fully and absolutely.

In considering our motives, one must first and foremost be aware of the international context of the bombings. U.S. imperialism, our chief enemy, is also the number one enemy of four-fifths of humanity. As the inevitable outgrowth of monopoly capitalism, American imperialism has meant the outflow of capital and resources from Third World nations, and the exploitation of their labor forces by U.S. corporations. Any challenge to this system of developed underdevelopment and misery by the native people has been met by bomb and bayonet, by extermination, and by modern "counterinsurgency" methods: namely, napalm, scorched earth and systematic starvation.

Examples throughout the Third World are not hard to find. In Mozambique, the U.S. assumes the major burden (through NATO) of financing Portuguese troops to maintain an economy of almost universal forced labor. In South Vietnam, widespread starvation is caused by American arsenic and picloram herbicides. In Latin America, U.S. Special Forces, military equipment, and napalm are being employed in at least eight countries to help puppet military regimes crush the unrest of hungry workers and campesinos. And in Greece, Turkey, Iran, Taiwan, Spain, and the Philippines, Ethiopia, South Korea, Thailand and countless other "FREE WORLD" nations, millions are suffering at the hands of U.S. dominated and/or financed dictatorships.

Black, brown and red Americans also suffer from a similar type of colonization. While the white media has touted the "progress" of the non-violent civil rights movement, the income gap between blacks and whites has widened in the past ten years, the housing situation (dictated by white real estate interests) has deteriorated further, and police occupation of the ghetto has become increasingly brutal. It is no wonder that black people now point to Cabrini-Green and San Mateo as examples of the true nature of their struggle, and one-third of black combat troops in Vietnam say they want to join the Black Panther Party when they return home. The Nixon Administration is justifiably obsessed with the "problem" of black army veterans utilizing their guerrilla skills against police in the ghetto.

U.S. imperialism has created a dilemma for itself in its domestic economy as well. Capital on strike against the working class, manifested in skyrocketing unemployment amidst excess productive capacity is indicative enough. But still half of the working people are not covered by federal minimum wage law, and relatively privileged white workers are finding their unions cannot raise their real wages, stop inflation or transform the basically dehumanizing nature of their work. The workers are forced like robots to work at a maddening pace to produce waste and obsolescence. Progressive education, good health care, efficient transportation, clear air to breathe and decent water to drink are relegated to a subordinate position behind profit "maximization" and exploitation.

Nixon, whose economic "policies" are sinking fast with the rest of the economy, now hopes to salvage the capitalist system with deficit spending. But all this means is that inflation will spiral upwards worse than ever, and the dollar will eventually be devalued. The recent wave of anti-strike legislation throughout the capitalist world further testifies to the imperialist state's callous disregard of the workingman's right to earn a living wage.

Perpetuation of capitalist exploitation has also meant the perpetuation of women's oppression. Denied their humanity in the name of "femininity," women are still relegated to the status of concubine and an overall work week of 996 hours (estimate of Chase Manhattan Bank). Capitalist society's definition of the woman and "productive work" conveniently allows the capitalist to underpay two for the price of one. The oppression of women is part and parcel of the same system which exploits workers, rips off the environment and brutalizes non-whites the world over.

What we are faced with, therefore, when we speak of present day American society is a vast technical apparatus and productive capacity used to oppress the many for the benefit of the few. It is our conviction that this technology, if utilized collectively BY all the people FOR all the people, could raise humanity to social, intellectual and spiritual heights unprecedented in human history. We of the Gang, like so many other young people today, are prepared to fight bitterly for this objective. So let J. Barkeley Rosser, Edwin Young, Pat Lucey, J. Edgar Hoover and Richard Nixon castigate us for our "terrorism," for we should not hesitate to terrorize these porkers who now freely terrorize 80 per cent of humanity. Let them call us "undemocratic" when we demolish institutions whose very essences are authoritarian. How many ever voted to install the AMRC on the Wisconsin

campus? As revolutionaries, we speak of democracy in the global context; we are on the side of the world majority.

Our violence against the military and the anti-social nature of the university is our contribution to bringing the Monster down. What remains to be said is HOW our violence contributes; that is, how our violence fits into an all-encompassing strategy to overwhelm U.S. imperialism.

First of all, we consider our efforts a minutely small contribution to the cause of world revolution. We recognize that the brunt of the struggle against imperialism is being waged by Third World guerrillas in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. It is they who are most heavily taxing America's strength -- morally, militarily and financially. Our job as American radicals is to build a strong mass anti-imperialist movement, whose agitation and militancy will aid Third World revolutionaries by putting an additional thorn (or dagger) in Uncle Sam's side. In that building process, we must refrain from moral self-righteousness and opportunism in ruling our violence as a tool of change. Violence "corrupts" us only as far as we consciously allow it. Only the epitome of alienated logic permits one to believe that violence and humanism are mutually exclusive. We draw our spiritual strength from the struggle for human liberation, and THAT is incorruptable.

It is for that reason that we feel great sorrow for the death of Robert Fassnacht in the AMRC bombing. Great care was taken in the preparation for the bombing to prevent such a tragedy. Nonetheless, we were fully conscious that such an incident might, for some odd reason, take place (although we thought it much more probable that WE would be shot on sight). But our overriding concern remained the necessity to eliminate the Center which shares full responsibility for American genocide throughout the world. The risk had to be taken by someone. So while American imperialism must take ultimate responsibility for Fassnacht's death -- just as it must for the bombing itself -- we frankly accept responsibility as perpetrators. If it had to be done again and again, we would do it again and again.

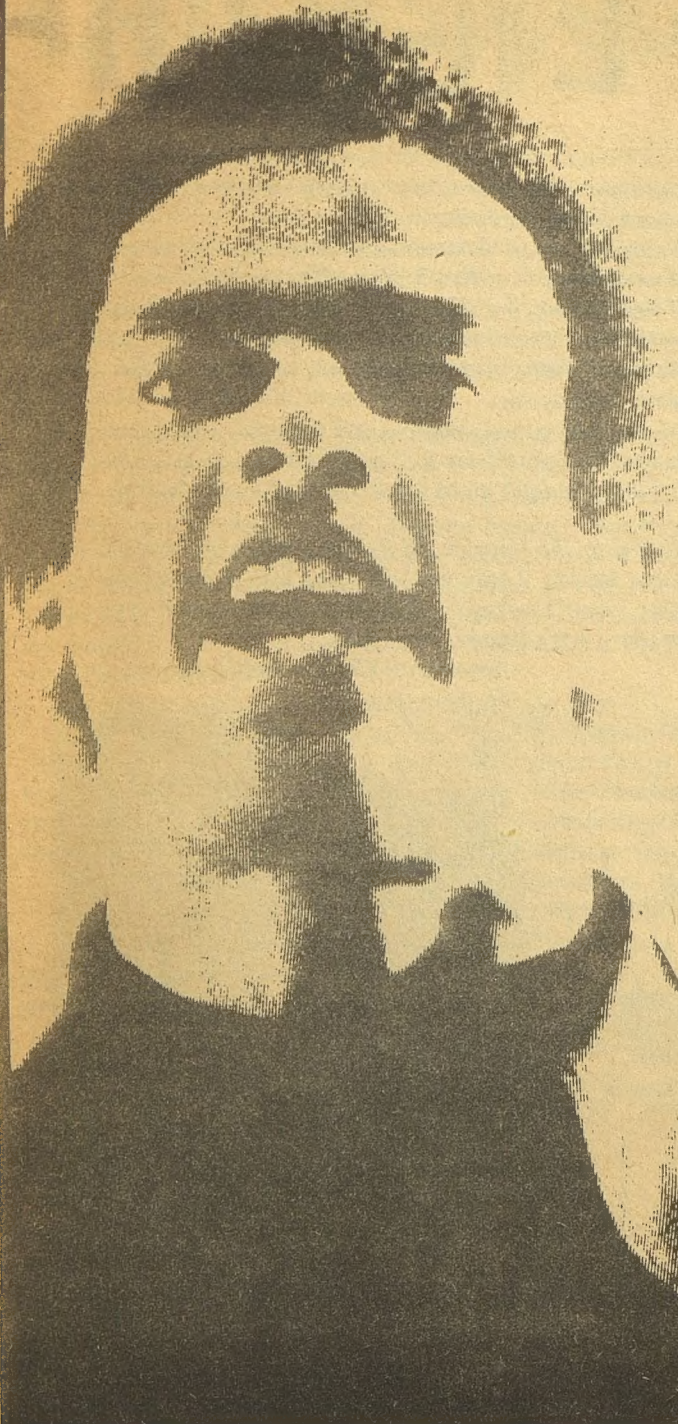
Our line on revolutionary violence is simply this: almost any concrete blows to imperialist institutions can be justified, if only because they help cripple America's power to make war on the Third World. The bigger such concrete blows, the better. And if this violence is coupled with largescale educational and organizational campaigns designed to build the mass movement (like the year-long effort to abolish the AMRC in Madison), then better still.

Let us make perfectly clear, however, that armed struggle is but one tactic of the fight -- not a strategy. Revolutionary strategy consists in building the mass struggle of revolutionary youth--both working and lumpen -- in the factories, in the streets, in the schools and in the universities. Various forms of education and agitation -- violent and nonviolent, legal and illegal--play an important role in developing revolutionary consciousness and achieving revolutionary goals. At this point, the movement should not isolate its "military" from its "political" roles or, on the other hand, hesitate to strike imperialism where it hurts. It is the co-ordination of many activities which make for success. Our attacks were but one of these activities.

Since the AMRC bombing, much as gone down which is worthwhile commenting upon. The most significant for us is the "Armstrong Act" section of the Nixon anti-crime bill, which threatens with death (and other good things) anyone credited with a fatal bombing, however accidental. This piece of fascist legislation was clearly aimed at the Gang, and 'ex post facto' will come in handy at our trial. All we can say is that although we are still grieved at Robert Fassnacht's death, we cannot be intimidated (and apparently, neither can our Weather comrades, judging from their Fall bombing offensive amidst the heaviest hype over the anti-bombing clause.) The flagrant U.S. aggression in Laos, the NATO invasion of Guinea and the treatment of Angela Davis all add to our rage and determination. We will fight harder in the future than ever before. We are not afraid of being caught or killed. Nixon has recently called for a "domestic revolution." We wholeheartedly agree with this Administration policy, only we disagree over the method of implementation. The goal is OK -- it's the MEANS we dispute. We intend to further this government policy, therefore, by doing things OUR way. The pigs can expect to hear from us soon--one way or another.

(continued on page 11)

NEW YEAR'S GANG



AN IMPRESSION OF HUEY'S SPEECH

Huey P. Newton of the Black Panther Party came to town last week. About 2500 people (maybe 80% of them young blacks) waited up to 2½ hours in the cold to hear him.

It seemed to me, though, that what Huey didn't say was perhaps more important than what he did say. He didn't talk at all about offing the pig—he hardly even used the word pig. He didn't talk about revolutionaries proving their manhood in a life-and-death armed struggle on the battlefields of Babylon against the fascist Nixon-Agnew clique and their running dog lackeys.

Of course, Huey did talk about the need for self-defense against police attacks, but that wasn't really what was pushed. What was being pushed was the stuff the Panthers are doing in and for the black community—the "community service" programs like free breakfasts for children, free health clinics, free distributions of clothing. One of Huey's main points was encouraging community people to take an active interest in these programs and work on building them up. There

Photo - DAVE HOFFMAN



seemed to be a new heavy emphasis on working things out in the community—"Free Bobby, Ericka and all political prisoners. Free yourselves first."

There were other things that Huey didn't talk about either—like women or gay people. He only called on one woman in the question-and-answer period after his speech, and when she asked him why he styled himself "Supreme Commander" he cut her off (which wasn't hard since he had just about the entire Syndrome sound system behind him). That night, though, Huey did meet privately with some people from Chicago Gay Liberation.

It's pretty clear that right now the Panthers are having their problems, what with the Panther 21 hassle in New York (see below), the Cleaver-Leary hassle in Algeria, and the ever-present repression against them all over America. Huey's speech certainly didn't finalize anything or lay out any blueprint for the future. But it did give a sense of where the Panthers' (or at least Huey's) heads are at, and showed that they're not glued onto one rigid "line." Things are changing real fast in this country, and maybe the Panthers are changing along with the times.

Arthur

PANTHER HASSLES

If you can keep the numbers straight, you might understand the Panther 21 mess. First off, there are not 21, but only 13 Panthers on trial in New York (the other 8 are, well, long gone. . .). The 13 remaining defendants are accused of conspiring to bomb police precincts, mid-town department stores, a section of a commuter railroad and the Bronx Botanical Garden. Of those 13, only 9 are (were) in jail. Joan Bird, Afeni Shakur, Michael Tabor and Richard Moore were released on (very high) bail.

The 9 (ex) Panthers in jail were expelled from the Party after they wrote a letter to the Weathermen, published last month in East Village Other. In that letter, they criticized the "New Morning, Changing Weather" communique for not being militant enough, and called for heavier armed struggle. The letter also contained derogatory references to a "self-proclaimed vanguard" inside the Panther Party. Some readers took the statement to refer to such Panthers as Tabor and Moore, who became public figures after their release on bail. Others took the reference to be to Huey Newton. Whatever its intention, the letter caused the 9 Panthers in jail to be expelled from the party.

An even greater blunder was committed, however, on February 8 when Tabor and Moore failed to appear at the trial. . . and have not yet been found. They, too, were promptly expelled, along with Connie Matthews Tabor (not involved in the NY case). Huey Newton, in a statement, denounced the three Panthers as counter-revolutionaries. "By their deserting their comrades," he said, "they have helped to bring down the Black Panther Party." He also ordered the release of Joan Bird and Afeni Shakur, four months pregnant, back into maximum security. They jeopardized the chances of the other brothers getting bail.

"The fact that the incarcerated members of the NY 21 were expelled from the BPP for their attacks on the Party in no way justify the dirty actions of these dogs, Moore and Tabor towards their 'comrades.'" This vicious back stabbing act of Moore & Tabor dwarfs the differences between the NY 21 and the BPP."

Apparently Joan Bird and Afeni Shakur are the only two of the Panther 21 who have not been expelled from the Party.

*the scar etched
in the working mother's face,
my brother puking from hunger
my sister being raped
by machines that look like dogs
and eyes.*

*Your ugly hands . . .
saluting shooting
madness.*

*We, the prisoners, will save our tears
To wash your blood
from the streets.*

Richard.



WILMINGTON WAR

"What happened here was as close to an insurrection as anything I've ever seen," said one black observer. For three days in early February, armed black students defended Wilmington, N.C.'s Gregory Church which serves as a black community center, from attacks by marauding Klansmen and police.

After public H.S. students from three Wilmington highschools demanded black studies programs and greater black control over decision-making, a boycott of classes was called. On February 4, the second day of picketing, 2000 students marched on the city hall to once again present their demands, and found the offices padlocked.

When the marchers regrouped at Gregory Church, they found that bomb threats had preceded them. That night, bands of Klansmen converged on the church in cars and pick-up trucks loaded with weapons. They drove straight through the police lines set up a few blocks from the church. Some of the men jumped out of their trucks and began to shoot. The blacks inside returned shots, and fatally wounded one of the Klansmen.

The next day, when a fire believed to be set by arsonists broke out a block from the church, firemen at first refused to enter the area. They finally showed up one hour later -- with police. Some unarmed blacks from the church had come earlier to fight the fire. The police began shooting at the people near the fire, and shot and wounded Stanley Mitchell, a student activist. They dragged him 50 feet to one of their squad cars, and beat him to death. The police claim they shot Mitchell in self-defense.

Six hundred National Guardsmen came in on Feb. 7, and Wilmington "quieted down." Church trustees, under tremendous pressure from the city government, asked the students to leave. Eugene Templeton, the white minister of Gregory Church, was fired for supporting the students. The next night, a detachment of 50 National Guardsmen and local police charged the church with rifles and machine guns mounted on tanks. But the janitor was there to meet them.

BUT I'M ONE-EIGHTH

To whom it may concern . . . mnb

The Cow jumped over the moon way over the moon
The moon jumped over the Cow way over the cow.
The moon man said my God what is going on any way
How should I know said Mr. Earth there is nobody
jumping over me.

Mr. Earth said Mr. Moon are you
Loco in the head. Mr. Moon let me tell you something,
you have been drinking that Dark Port again. If you
don't stop you'll go into DT's.

(The above poem was tapped out on a typewriter at Chicago Indian Village shortly after a Young Indian girl had the terrifying experience of watching an Indian man go into DT's, a picture that will forever be etched in her mind.)

The American Indian was almost annihilated by whites. The Indian population of North America diminished from approximately 2 million in the mid-16th century to about 150,000 by 1900 — but has grown to 700,000 today. The Indian was systematically exterminated by rapacious whites who, having introduced the practice of scalping into what is now New York City, proclaimed that the only good Indian was a dead Indian. Today there is no need for scalping — whites have found other, more subtle ways of destroying Indians, through psychological torture and alienation. In a country where the mean age at death is 73, the American Indian dies at 44. The Indian suicide rate is three times the national average and the high alcoholism rate among Indians probably helps them to survive. . . for a while, anyway.

"The screaming agony of drug addicts and the horrible, crawling, crazy world of the winos and alcoholics. The hopeless, helpless look of despair in their eyes and certain death written on the faces of young and old Indians alike.

"Their very souls destroyed and all hopes of a future for themselves and their families gone forever. Death before Death. Too many times in the past few weeks the Chicago Indian Village has experienced these situations.

" . . . And soon we are again sending one of our brothers or sisters on their way to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Peace of mind and happiness should have been experienced by these lost, lonely people here on this earth.

"Why is death the only answer?"

"Genocide, suicide, call it whatever you want, but the cold hard facts have to be faced now. We the people who care, cannot sit back any longer and pretend we don't see what is going on."

—from Chicago Indian Village
Community Newsletter

Chicago's Indians are beginning to fight back. On May 5, 1970, an American Indian mother, Carole Warrington, and her six children, were forcibly evicted from their home by a Chicago slumlord. Carole, in the tradition of Crazy Horse and the Apache Geronimo, decided on dramatic resistance. She pitched her tipi in a vacant lot near the parking lot of Wrigley Field and set up housekeeping as her forebears had -- at one with the out-of-doors. She and her children were soon joined by other American Indians and, with considerable press play, the Chicago Indian Village was born. It was a beautiful scene - American Indians encamped, talking, dancing and drumming at night. But the real purpose was to show the entire city and the whole world what everyone knows -- American Indians have no decent place to live and work, to love and have children.

"When I came to Chicago in 1968, I had just enough fare to get here, plus 15 cents in my pocket. It was late at night, so I just sat in the bus station all night. Then I walked around until I found this day-labor office. They put me to work for \$1.50 an hour; then I picked up a check for \$11, rented a flophouse room and asked the man to give me a call early in the morning so I could go back to work. At night I walked around the Loop, and met an Indian guy when I was down at the Greyhound station playing the baseball machines. He told me about the north side, and so we rode the El up there and went into this bar called the Little Blue Hen (it's not there anymore). There I seen more Indians than I ever seen in my whole life. So I met this

guy and his mother, and they invited me to stay at their place that night so I wouldn't have to go back to the flophouse.

"Early the next morning we all woke up with hangovers. We all got ourselves together and went to work at Ready Man office on Broadway. There I got \$19 for 11 hours work, but it wasn't hard work -- taping boxes that came off an assembly line. Then I rented my own apartment -- \$32.50 a week for one of those places with a bed that folds out of the wall -- furnished, and crawling with cockroaches.

"I would go to work, then go out drinking, got so bored, you'd run into someone out on a walk and they'd say let's go drinking, and so I'd have a hangover the next day and wouldn't go to work. So that set me back in my rent.

"The next day I went to the Uptown Tri-Faith Employment Project, and they got me a job as a janitor. I only worked at the janitor job for about 3 months. I just felt that I wasn't suited for it, I wanted something better, you know? Soon after that I left Chicago for a while. . . ."

—member of Chicago Indian Village

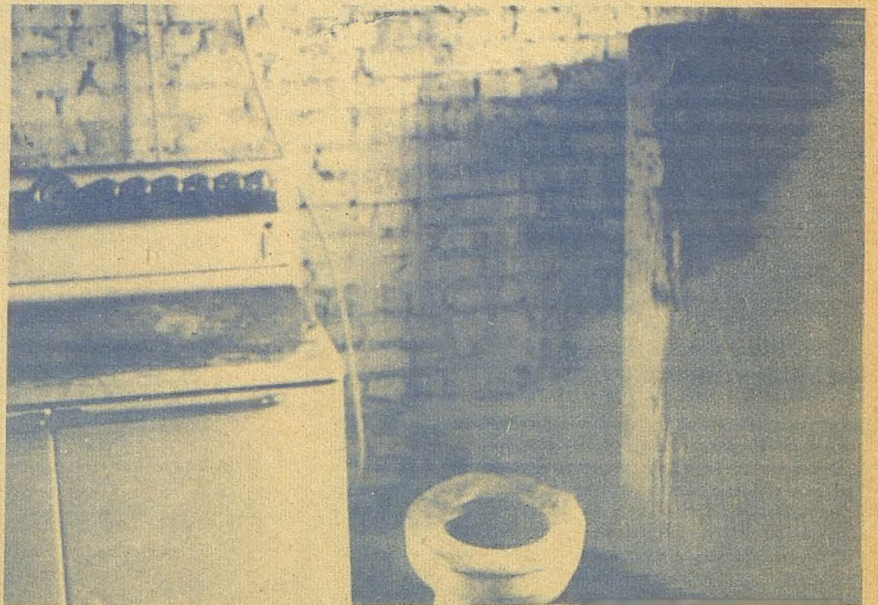


photo: Carol Ann Bales

In Uptown, recently, an Indian family tried to protest the unbearable conditions of their apartment (no heat, peeling, lead-based paint from which the kids got lead-poisoning). The tenants tried to organize with the other people in the building to make complaints against the landlord. The landlord countered by evicting the "trouble-making" family, and threatening to raise the rents of the other tenants to \$50.00 a week if they continued their protest.

The Chicago Indian Village, now located at 1354 West Wilson Avenue, is organizing around issues such as this, and trying to build a base of solidarity by showing that Indians can work together as a proud and strong people. An immediate mission of the Village is to offer economic aid to American Indians -- by acquiring food and medical care for poor Indian families. About 30 American Indians bed down nightly at the Village on cold, tile floors, but it's better than sleeping in alleys and doorways.

"When I came back to Chicago, I was broke, and heard through the Indian grapevine that Indian Village would take care of you, so I came down and I noticed there was 19 or 20 people sleeping on the floor. One Indian man here, realizing that I was a little shy, spoke up for me and asked if I could stay here. The next morning we all got together and we mopped and scrubbed the place down. In the Village there is a feeling of unity, we like to be together, we work together. We still work on daily pay, when there's work -- but there's not always work. . . ."

—member of Chicago Indian Village

INDIANS ON

Only four Army guards stood on duty when a band of Indians--twenty women and six men -- scaled a six-foot cyclone fence topped by barbed wire and took over the old Army Communications Center near the University of California at Davis.

The occupiers, including students at Davis and Alcatraz veterans, claimed the 640 acre post for use in development of an Indian cultural center and university. Treaties signed last century promise the return of unused U.S. government lands to the Indians, but so far only direct seizure has brought any results.

Soon after the takeover, the Indians began pitching a towering white teepee and set out a large table, benches, barbecue equipment, coffee

urns and sleeping bags. They gathered around a charcoal fire and rapped with a young GI on guard duty.

"I saw these people," reported the GI, "and they said they were Indians. 'Are you for real?' I asked."

"They started laughing at me and said I was trespassing on their land."

"We're still laughing," said Retta, a Maidu Indian.

The Indians staged the take-over when a federal agency recommended that the army base go to the University of California for a primate and rice research center.

Well before the take-over, the Indians had applied to the U.S. Department of Health Education and Welfare for acquisition of the old Army base.

Hollywood's treatment of Indian actors is so bad, it is even difficult these days for real Indians to get cast as Indians. So claims Jay Silverheels, better known as Tonto, of the Lone Ranger TV series.

Producers refuse to cast Indians in parts not specifically Indian because they "look like Indians." And yet when it comes to hiring people to play the parts of Indians, they often hire white people rather than Indians who do not fit Hollywood's rigid stereotype.

"The producers say, 'I've got to go to the reservation to get an Indian. That's where the Indians are!'" reports Silverheels. "They want someone who can't even speak English."

All the time you get this -- 'you don't look like an Indian; you just can't be an Indian because you look like a person. That's the way it is. Yet white people look like their faces and be cast as Indians!'"



CHEROKEE MYSELF...

The Chicago Indian Village received quick support from many other American Indians in the Uptown Area, and actions continued through last spring and summer. Twenty-eight members of the Village were arrested during a demonstration at the headquarters of the white-dominated Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) at the Federal Building. The demo was to protest the bypassing of a qualified Indian woman for a high position in the BIA in favor of a white man. Ironically, all the Indians arrested were acquitted, for the Indians, being "wards" of the Federal Government, could not be arrested for trespassing on federal property.

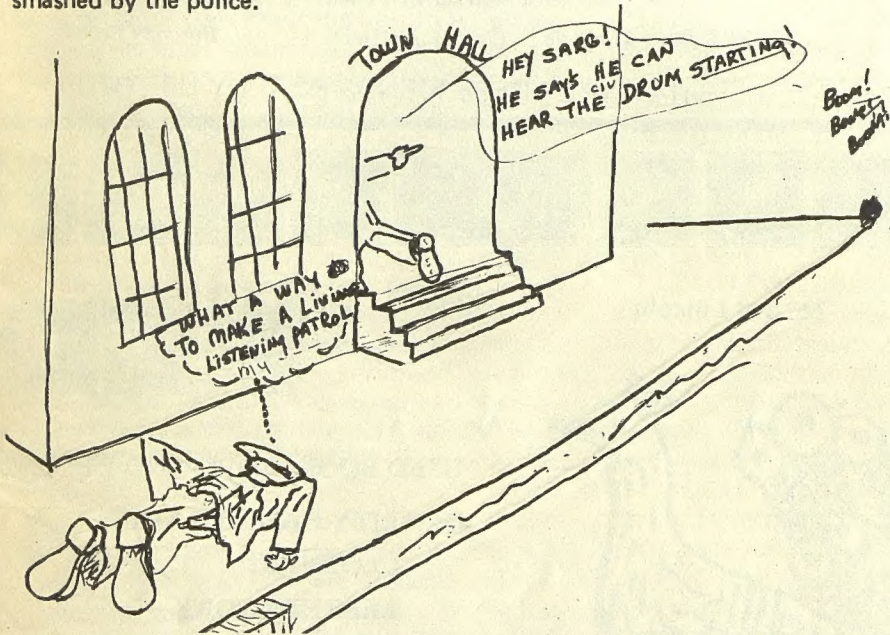
"The Bureau of Indian Affairs was founded to conduct business that Indians knew nothing about. The BIA's "relocation" program will "help" any Indian that is willing to leave his or her reservation, to be turned loose in the white man's concrete jungle. Bag and baggage, they are dumped in the middle of the city. Many of them have never even lived with running water, much less with the other problems of the city. So they are totally dependant on the BIA. The BIA assigns them jobs, and they are paid, but these jobs are usually working with their hands. The BIA tries to keep Indians from thinking for themselves.

"Indians have been losing their pride for too long. . .

"We would like to see Indians head the BIA offices across the United States of American Indian Land. People who are part of us, and understand our problems. Now there are Indian lawyers, Indian businessmen, who do check into the BIA operations and also have a certain degree of support from the public. The Indian is becoming hip to the white society."

—from conversations with 2 members of Chicago Indian Village

Last July, 11 members of Chicago Indian Village were busted for beating the tom-tom for a religious celebration -- and the very beautiful drum was smashed by the police.

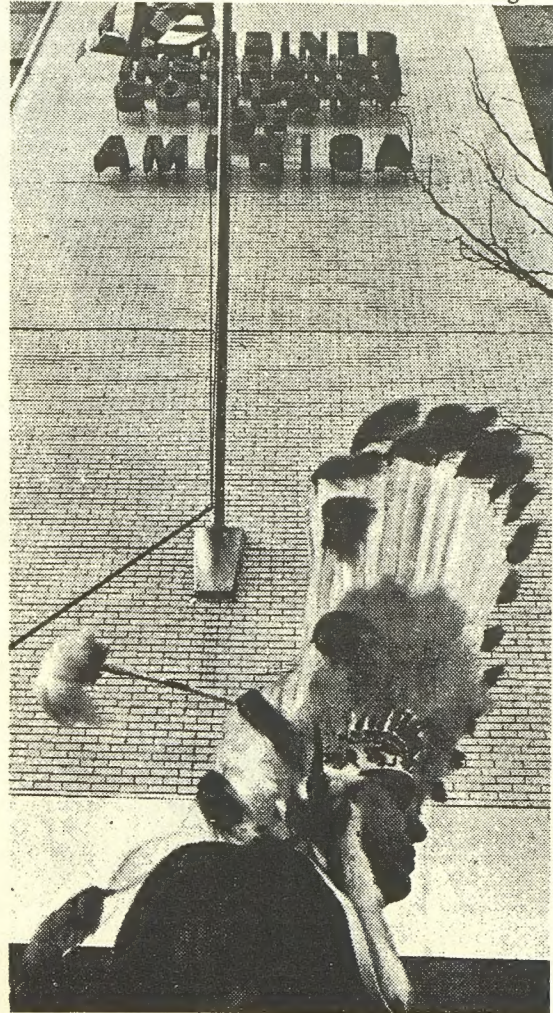


"Our god or great spirit which we Indians give thanks, respect and prayers to has never asked us to set aside a certain day or time for our heavenly purposes. Nor do we dress in our best feathers and buckskins to impress our tribesmen. For the few worldly goods we possess we give thanks every hour of every day of every year.

"The drums are to us like the organ is to the white religion. Sunday mornings you are awakened by the loud gong of the bells, the white bell. But let an Indian drum be heard and it will be snuffed by the white man's laws. The constitution states anyone has the right of free speech and to practice one's religion. Unfortunately, the white man is not able or ready to accept the fact that Indians do have a religion of their own. Our religion is not something practiced in a church on one day, but part of the Indian way of life.

"For example, last summer the drum we used to sing thanks to the great spirit was smashed, and treated like a child's toy, when it is a vital part of the Indian religion. The white oppressors took our drums from the ceremonies that were being performed. We, the Indians, should go to a white church and dismantle the church organ, strip the bells. . .but we could never get away with something like that..."

—an Indian at the Village



Chicago Indian Village is rapidly becoming a powerful group, and is presently involved in asking for a three-year grant of \$50,000 per year from W. Clement Stone, the Chicago Millionaire (in return for which they will grant him a 99 year lease on the Uptown headquarters of his insurance company — since the land originally belonged to the Indians.)

"We have a positive mental attitude," said Michael Chosa, a leader of the group. "We are positive that Mr. Stone, who has written so extensively on acting positively, will do his level best to get us some positive help."

In the meantime, Chicago Indian Village could use any help they can get in order to continue helping Chicago's Indians to find decent work, housing and education. There are also plans to publish a national newspaper for American Indians, and demands for Indian-owned industrial cooperatives to be located on reservations so that Indians will not be forced to enter the ugly, inhuman cities of this country. If you can help in any immediate way -- with blankets, warm clothing, canned food, powdered milk, or cash donations, you can call Betty Jack at 784-9892.

WAIT A MINUTE, FELLOWS: I LIKE INDIANS. ALWAYS HAVE LIKED INDIANS. IN FACT, I'M ONE-EIGHTH CHEROKEE MYSELF.

But that's what they all say (when surrounded by Indians)

— Chicago Indian Village, jerry, diane

THE WARPATH

"We owned Fort Lawton. We don't have to beg anyone for it. Ft. Lawton is ours, even if you're on it." Suzette Mills, a Pyallup Indian, told city officials at a public hearing in Seattle. Shortly after she spoke over 200 Indians and their supporters walked out of the hearing. They were protesting the city's plan to turn Fort Lawton, soon to be vacated by the Army, into a public park.

Indian representatives are demanding that an Indian cultural center be established on the land. They want the center to include medical and dental facilities, a day-care center, a halfway house, parolee rehabilitation program and recreation facilities, as well as a native restaurant, a museum

and an American Indian University.

According to Bernie Whitebar, a Colville Indian, there is enough property available for both the Indian center and a park.

Before the walkout, Indians who are teachers and administrators in Seattle supported the community center proposal. The chairman of the Duwamish Tribal Council pointed out that the Duwamish had never been paid for land they gave up to the government.

A member of the mayor's committee protested that the park plan had been discussed for six years, but that the Indian proposal was only a year old. Somebody at the meeting replied: "Don't say, 'the Indians came in too late.'"



A Navajo Indian from Los Altos filed a \$1.5 million damage suit because he was held in jail for 31 days after peyote was found in his car.

Golden Eagle, 30, also known as Lee Roy Austine, claimed his right to use peyote as free exercise of his religion. The California Supreme Court ruled in 1964 that members of the Native American Church, most of them Indians, have the right to use peyote for religious purposes.

The defendants in Golden Eagle's suit include Kern County Deputy Public Defender Robert T. Baca, who let his client rot in jail for a month before his church membership was officially verified.



wishbone ash

About a year ago something magical happened in London. Wishbone Ash was formed.

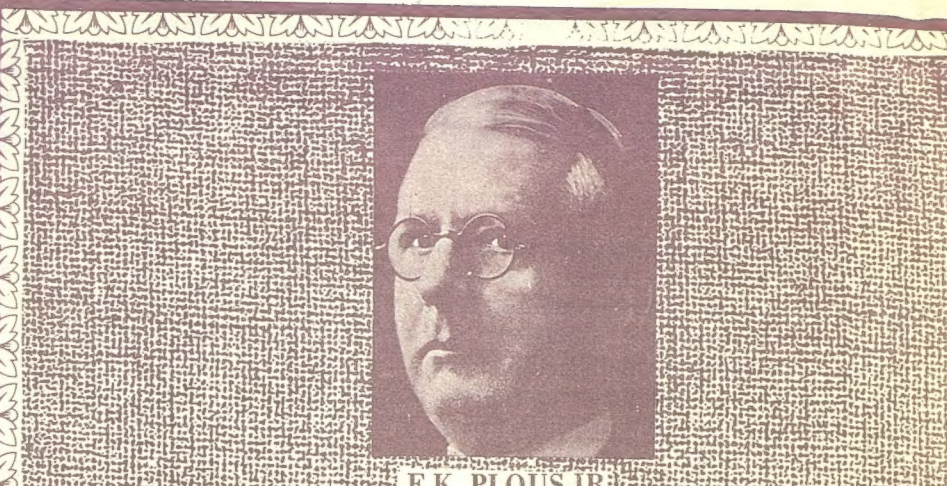
Once in a great while, a group comes together and creates a certain kind of magic like Wishbone Ash. They make music that's distinctive, and totally original.

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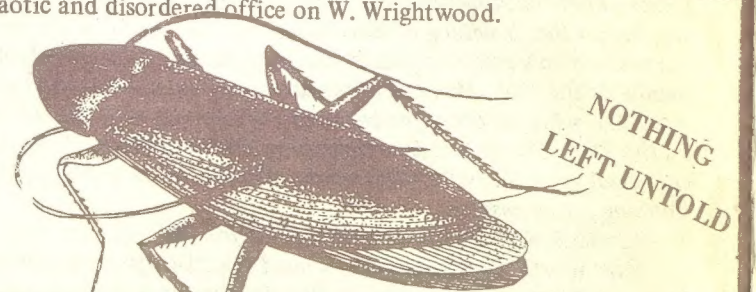
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THE GREAT LIBERAL ABORTION SHUCK

Immediately after the Federal District Court handed down its liberalized decision on abortion, State's Attorney Hanrahan asked Supreme Court Justice Marshall to "stay" the decision—to render it unenforceable until the final Supreme Court decided the appeal case which the office is currently drawing up. The Right to Life Committee, comprised of men and women who call all abortion "murder" and who feel that women should "face up to their responsibility and adjust to their unwanted pregnancy," demonstrated in front of hospitals performing abortions and began holding large seminars on the "abortion menace."

Currently, people are waiting for the Supreme Court decision on the Illinois neanderthal law, which permits abortions only when necessary to preserve the life of the mother. (Sometimes this law is stretched to permit an abortion if three psychiatrists and the hospital's abortion board conclude that the pregnant woman seeking an abortion is psychotic). My guess is that the Supreme Court will decide that this law, along with those of Wisconsin and Washington D.C., is "unconstitutionally vague" because it does not specify what constitutes a definite threat to the life of the mother. Lots of people will cheer this decision, which may be months in the coming. They'll cheer it because they will figure that abortion will be "legal" and that therefore, the problem will be solved. But it won't be.

The Illinois State Legislature, ever conservatively vigilant, will most likely pass a more specific but not much less repressive law. Last year's "liberal" bills—which ranged from abortion for acute mental as well as physical reasons to abortion on demand up to the 26th week of pregnancy—were soundly defeated. There is no reason to believe that this won't happen again, no matter what the Supreme Court says. Meanwhile, many women of Illinois who are pregnant but don't want to be will in desperation resort to unsafe abortions or overdoses of dangerous drugs which can kill much more easily than they can abort. Many more women will be coerced into bearing children in a society that refuses to take any responsibility for the child when it is born. Many of these children will still be labeled "illegitimate" and carry this absurd but insanely degrading stigma for life.

LIBERAL LAWS AREN'T THE ANSWER

"Liberal laws" aren't so liberal when you take a close look at them. In several states, "liberal" laws require the consent of the woman's husband before the abortion can be performed. It's easy for husbands, who very rarely have anything to do with the day to day activities of childrearing, to say "no". And what is the woman without a husband supposed to do? Right now, several groups are lobbying in Springfield for such a "consent law." In at least eight of the dozen states having "liberal" laws, fewer legal abortions are being performed since the laws were changed. Many, many doctors consider 15-minute abortion procedures "boring." Many hospitals set very low quotas on the number of abortions to be performed per week because they think that becoming known as an "abortion hospital" is unprofessional and degrading. Many state legislatures have established residency requirements because they don't want their state to become a haven for women who "ought to be taken care of at home or not at all."

NEW YORK AS A BAD EXAMPLE

In New York, more abortions are now being performed. Women from other states who can afford the time and money are receiving a number of them. Almost all are

paying upwards of \$300 for the whole trip—a colossal rip-off for the quick operation via a machine called the vacuum aspirator. Black and brown women, freak women, and working class women with little money to spare, are left as usual in a no-exit trap.

It works like this. There are very few clinics where a woman can walk in off the street, say she wants an abortion, and find a doctor who will perform one. She has to have a "private doctor"—no such easy thing to come by in a society where most doctors don't want "private patients" and charge a fortune if they do. Most women do not have a gynecologist or obstetrician and would have to start with the yellow pages to find one. Chances are pretty good that any gynecologist or obstetrician is already "too busy," or would treat women patients like shit if he had the time to see them.

So, first off, women don't have the private doctor which the law and clinic or hospital boards presume they do have.

To fill this obvious void, a number of profiteering abortion referral agencies have sprung up. One of these is Abortion Information Agency, Inc. It has placed ads in a lot of national magazines, such as Ladies Home Journal and Nation, lots of college newspapers, and just last week requested an ad in the Seed. These profiteer agencies charge the woman needing an abortion \$75 for a referral. Not for an abortion, for a referral! They are run by men who seized on the slim, incorporated themselves, and sent letters to New York doctors offering the free service of filling any abortion appointments they might want. Who pays? The woman who doesn't have a gynecologist in New York. Who wins? The doctors, who charge a minimum of \$100 for a procedure that requires little more than pushing a button, and \$10 for antibiotics that can't cost more than 50¢, and the referral agency. If an agency books a mere 200 abortions a week, they pick up \$15,000! The woman must pay the agency and the doctors in cash.

The New York Women's Center has an Abortion Project which provides free referrals. Its phone numbers are 212-691-2063, 691-3396. The project has its limitations, though. It can't afford more than two phone lines, and it has trouble getting volunteers to answer through the day. Project women regularly meet with the doctors, but the doctors seem to provide little concrete information about the procedure itself. As a result, the project provides no counseling beyond telling the woman what to bring with her and how to get to the doctor's office. It does try to find housing for out-of-town women, but the supply is severely short. The real problems lie with the doctors. They might cooperate with women's liberation, but they're still piggish. Each one performs thirty aspirator abortions (for women less than 12 weeks pregnant) in four hours. Each charges \$100 plus \$10 for antibiotics. Each usually works five days a week. That means that even if the doctors do one or two "free ones" a day—which they usually do not—each makes over \$60,000 a month! The doctor's four-hour appointment days are always filled. Who wins? The doctors. Who loses? The women who are ripped off by the "low competitive price" of \$110, who can't afford \$110 and have to look elsewhere.

And there are few places for them to look. Although more low-cost clinics may be set up in the future, six months after the liberal law went into effect there is only one functioning in New York City. It's called Women's Medical Group. It's small, very crowded and quite good. It tries to help as many women on welfare as possible, and will take women with no money but not on welfare when time allows. But it can't possibly fill the need in the surrounding community. This leaves many women with the sole alterna-

tive of applying for emergency medicaid through a New York welfare office, receiving it if they're lucky, and then putting on a scene at one of the NYC city hospitals.

If a woman is between 12 and 14 weeks pregnant, a D & C (dilation & curettage) is done. It is a relatively simple procedure, is nearly painless under local anesthetic, and takes about 15 minutes to perform. By requiring hospitalization, the new "liberalized" law makes the cost prohibitive for women without insurance policies covering abortion (most policies don't) and without medicaid. The "competitive price" is \$320.

The Women's Center Abortion Project can arrange abortions for women 14-26 weeks pregnant for \$450. The procedure uses an injection of saline solution into the uterus, which induces a miscarriage. It is less painful than childbirth.

If you miss a period, have a pregnancy test soon; if it's positive and you decide that you do not wish to bear the child, begin making arrangements right away. You can't escape the money trap but you can avoid the worst of it.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

The courts, legislatures, and medical boards are in control. We must realize that their control is seldom benevolent, never in tune with our needs. Any woman who has been to a gynecologist knows that he isn't sensitive to her needs and seldom even explains what kind of examination he's giving or what's in the pills he's prescribing. The health care system is a profit system that makes its money through bad health. Present policy-makers who have enriched themselves have no interest in leading a complete overhaul of the health system. The only real alternatives, then, are the things that we can do ourselves, by our own initiative. These include community women's clinics where abortions are performed and birth control methods are dispensed; an abortion referral service which makes it impossible for profiteers to survive; day care centers; and test cases on the constitutionality of abortion laws.

Without total repeal of abortion laws, we will end up at best with the New York situation, at worst with a more specific version of the current insanity. Abortion counselling will be impossible; costs will be prohibitive for the women who need the service the most; supply of services will be limited to hospital quotas and doctors' whims. Without our own gynecology, abortion, and obstetric clinics, "experts" will still make our decisions and gear our actions to their schedules and pocketbooks. Most important, we will not have the complete medical attention and freedom of judgment which we need and deserve.

Signing a petition probably won't help much but it can't hurt. Help get others to sign. Call TRIAL: 248-1600. Join other women at Springfield when hearings on new legislation begins this spring. Bitch a lot—it's your right. Call Linda: 648-2057. Help the Union organize and staff a comprehensive-care clinic. Call 927-1790. If no one answers the phone call Toby: 324-4985. Help women plan our own gynecology-abortion-obstetrics clinics. Tell other women how you'd like to be treated when you go to the doctor, what you'd like your clinic to feel like and look like. Help make it real. Call Jane: 643-3844. Organize a neighborhood child-care co-op or a day-care center. Call 288-8343 for very good, general information, and call Naomi, 643-4431 for information on neighborhood projects. If you are pregnant and are seeking a safe, relatively inexpensive abortion, call Jane: 643-3844.

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Penny

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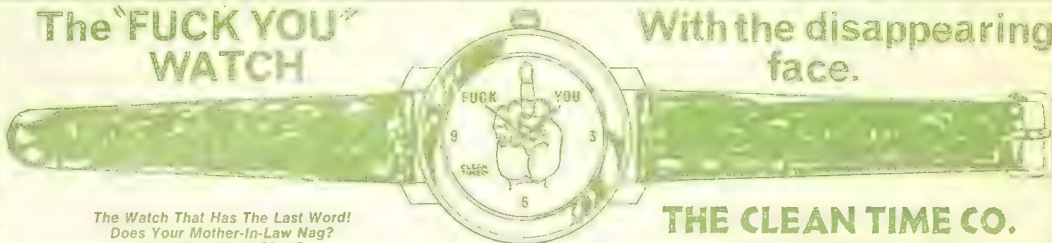
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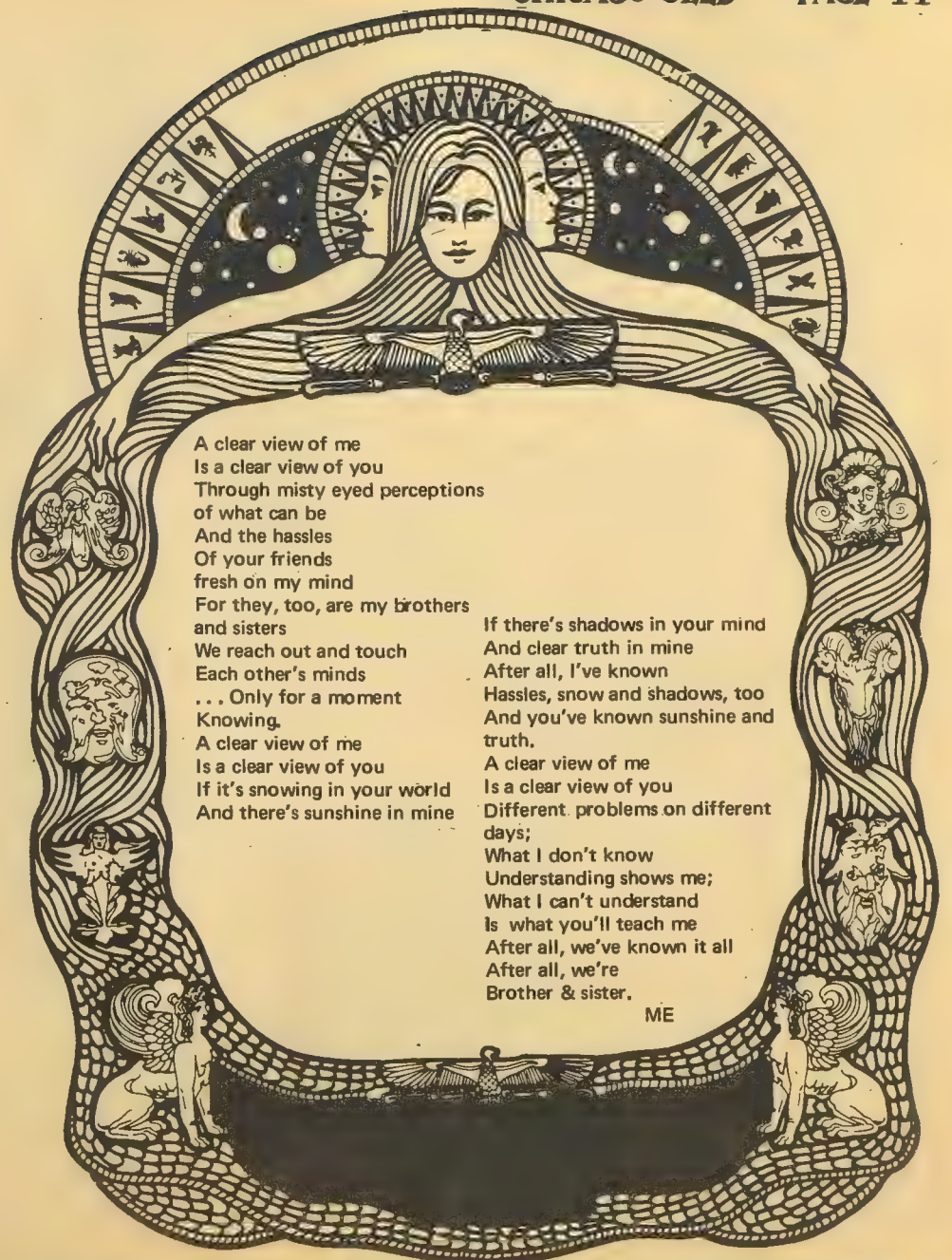
(Continued from page 4)

This brings us to another important subject: the underground. It DOES exist. In our five months as fugitives from U.S. fascism, we have been heartened by the incredible numbers of sisters and brothers who take themselves risks to help and shelter us. This experience, coupled with the almost ludicrous stupidity of the pigs, allows us to continue to function as active members of the revolutionary movement. When one decides to fight on the side of the world majority, it is nice to know that there are comrades in the heart of the Monster who dig the struggle enough to aid the guerrillas. We know that when push comes to shove, those same comrades will be alongside us in the streets – and we can't help but think that Amerika doesn't have a chance. We thank all those who have given us aid and comfort—particularly Mark Knops of Madison Kaleidoscope who, while defending freedom of the press, has been made a scapegoat for FBI stupidity and ineptitude. It is sacrifices like his which serve as a shining example to us all.

We hope our letter is of some benefit to those who wish to understand our motives, and, correspondingly, ourselves. We are not "lunatics" but rational people who understand class interests and are not afraid to act on our analysis. But we are also, to put it another way, "desperate people": that is, young people who realize there is very little time left. Whether we have race war or class war, whether we suffocate and starve in an environment ripped off for profit or clean the place up, whether we continue to live in a society whose every institution engenders racism and sexism or live as truly equal, liberated human beings in a communist society, the time for decision is NOW. The correct choice will never be made by so-called "representatives" or bureaucrats, but only by the people fighting in the streets. Seize the time.

All Power to the People. Free All Political Prisoners.
DEATH TO THE FASCIST PIGS!

—Marion Delgado



what you don't know, learn

Student as Nigger by Jerry Farber

Student as Nigger, by Jerry Farber, gives a complete analytical study of the dilemma in High Schools, emphasizing the relationships within the school between the students, teachers, and administration. This critical but realistic view describes how and why everyone plays the roles assigned to him in school, and how that's necessary to efficiently run these training camps.

A book that's sure to bring personal evaluation of yourself and probably a very revealing one, Student as Nigger is available at any book store for about 95 cents.

The Lives of Children by George Dennison

This is the story of the first Street School in New York City. It was an attempt to see if Neill's theories of free education worked on so-called 'culturally deprived' ghetto children. The results were unbelievable, 23 children, all 'juvenile delinquents' who were kicked out of N.Y. public schools, made great gains in education and came to school faithfully everyday. They did fail on one child (he remained very destructive and hostile) and the author is very honest in his assessment of the assets and limitations of un-compulsory education.

Summerhill by A.S. Neill

A.S. Neill is the patron saint of free education. Summerhill (the school) is the mecca. Summerhill (the book) is the bible. This is absolutely the best book on education anywhere. It is the story of virtually the first Free school. Summerhill started in England around 1930. It is a living, learning community, governed democratically and completely by the students and staff. Classes are non-compulsory and students have been known to play around for seven years of school and then do all their elementary school education in the eighth year. The book has Neill's theory of child raising as well as practical things about his school.

How to Publish a High School Underground Newspaper – A Chips book by Walled S. Al-Fadhly and Gary D. Shapiro.

Whether you've got an underground newspaper at your school or not, it's a good idea to take a look at this pink booklet. It is very comprehensive about types of printing and technicalities, and isn't really mind-blowing to understand. You'll probably find it's fun to read (spelling mistakes add to the enjoyment) because the authors don't get "know-it-all" about it, and seem to write the booklet talking with you not at you.

Written and illustrated by two staff members of The New Improved Tide (one of the first high school papers out in Calif.), it runs about 50 pages and just about all you need to know to start a paper, all the way down to financing and running it. It costs about 25 cents from either the HSRU's limited supply or Al-Fadhly and Shapiro, 7242 West 90th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. 90045.

We have only begun to list all the books on the H.S. movement or education. This is just a meager sampling of the growing numbers of good books being published.

ON Sunday, March 14, there will be a meeting for anyone interested in working in H.S. on the Peoples Peace Treaty at Alice's, 1:30 P.M.

This column is prepared by high school students from the HSRU which meets every Sunday at 1:00 at the Seed. If you want to help; if you need help setting up a paper, or if you need help challenging any of your school rules, come see us or call at 929-0133. Please send us any news you might have about what's happening at your school and we will print it every other issue. Also, write in and tell us what you think of this page or anything else you want to have printed. This is your page.

—HSRU

Academic Freedom in the Secondary Schools by the American Civil Liberties Union. An explanation of constitutional law as it applies to school. Can be obtained by writing A.C.L.U., 156 5th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10010, or by calling their Chicago office at 6 South Clark, 236-5564. Cost is about 25 cents.

what you know, teach

dear seed
i was in chicago last weekend (probably for the last time in a very long while) and as a going away present for myself i managed to pick up a copy of the seed that was out—volume six number six or the blast from the past issue
seed in that you asked for some feedback
i dont know what good this letter will do for you but in it ill try and tell you where im at and where i think youre at
i dont think my opinions are that valid for much of anything that
i have to tell you
im only a straight idiot who is presently engaged in hanging himself in academia and administritvia because hes afraid of paying the price of finding something better to do with his life

im not even an expert on whatever the seed is or what it does
over all the years of my youth that i was in chicago (actually dear old suburban oak park) ive managed to accumulate all of five copies of your rag and ive loved every one of them

in the letter that abbie hoffman wrote to you in response to the free citys festival of blood statement during the democratic convention he said the seed is the last in the line of flower papers

about a week and a half ago i was rapping with a friend of mine and he said that most of the people that know me around here are of the general consensus that i am a remnant of a flower child

maybe thats why you and i get along together so well seed

sure youre a good paper in your own right and you let the people know where its at and what it is and how to get into it
the stuff that you print is of interest to the people and the peoples community
in short good journalism and all that bullshit (that was supposed to be spelled journalism—but i did manage to spell bullshit right)
i cant say that youre objective but then i wouldnt want you to be anything near that
what the hell thats why youre in existence in the first place

but theres something else in you seed something else besides the good journalism bullshit and that something else is why im writing this to you which is in itself probably the same something else that made you ask for feedback in the way you did

seed
that something else goes by very many names but what i happen to call it is that you care



youcare not only about what you say but how you say it and how it looks after youve said it (ive got a lot of your shit on my walls right now and most of it ive taken down and given to other people because what youve had to say has turned them on too so what ive brought with me of you is spread throughout this whole campus

the seed is planted and is growing)
maybe you are the last in the line of flower papers but if you are (or whatever you are and however you define it) please stay that way

like i said im only some kind of straight freak im in school in a hole like cleveland my hairs relatively short (in other words its not long) and not quite ready (or should i say im still afraid) to just step back and say fuckit fuckit to schools and harrassments and pollution and television and social security and selective service and u s of a fuckit to this whole amerikan gig that im in now just turn my back on it all and say fuckit

a remnant of a flower child
but i am alive and there are some things that make my road just a little bit easier like a few people a very few people (three to be exact in this whole mass called cleveland) which i know as simply that: people and there is another thing which helps me as i look on all this shit and slime and muck around me which is you

what can i say to you except thank you

and ill end like someone else ended in a letter to you which is one of the few remaining things on my wall

strength
gentleness
peace
love
and babies
—some straight fuckup whom they call: jerry lang

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Women

I want
a pair of blue jeans
spread my legs
motherfucker
Damn right!
I am a woman
but
that doesn't mean
that I'm raped
my body moves
in ways
(splits
cartwheels
kick-your-ass
war dance
love dance)
that jelly your brain

I want
my hair back
uncombed
wind-sucked
leaves and berries in it
little
nigger plaits
savage braids
where
is that smooth-haired
white lady

my hair
is all snake
and snarl
bites to kill

My breasts
have
nipples
they stick out
sometimes
razzberry to you
my breasts bounce
My skin
is soft

but my muscles
are hard
I am
hairy
scary
Evil
evil
which witch
your daughter?

Your Pig's skin never corseted me

Lightening and rainbows to all the Sisters
Venceremos !

—Carlie

bernardine dohrn alive, well in amerika



THE TIGER CAGES

CHI HOA PRISON, South Vietnam (LNS)-The "tiger cages" on Con Son Island, South Vietnam, made headlines last July when a fact-finding tour of American congressmen stumbled upon these cells where Vietnamese political prisoners are held. Con Son, described as a "re-education center" before the scandal broke, was exposed in the press as a complex of inhuman torture chambers.

Official U.S. opinion reflected in the straight press was one of polite horror. The U.S. had "nothing directly" to do with the conditions, of course, but we were chastised for not bringing our standards of humaneness to bear on South Vietnamese prison officials. Reform was promised. Pressure would be put on.

After the bizarre human interest value of the story died down, nothing more was heard of Con Son Island. Even now, where there is so much lamenting about the U.S. POWs in the North, there has been no further mention of prisoners in South Vietnam. Perhaps people assumed that the South Vietnamese government was really going to destroy the tiger cages, as they announced shortly after the expose hit the papers. Later, it was reported that the cages would not be destroyed but "repaired." Five hundred prisoners were moved out of Con Son with much fanfare. But the cages are still in use.

A document smuggled out of Chi Hoa Prison by women who had been imprisoned in Con Son recently found its way to Don Luce. Luce was in Vietnam with International Voluntary Service for 12 years, until he resigned to protest the war. He was recently fired from his post as an AP reporter. Still in Vietnam on a grant from the World Council of Churches, Luce translated the letter and sent it to this country.

The women who wrote the letter were political prisoners. They had been taken to Con Son as punishment for a hunger strike in another jail protesting the murder of a fellow inmate.

All of the prisoners on Con Son Island are being confined, tortured, and murdered, for protesting the American presence in their country, for demanding peace, or for not "actively denouncing the Communists."

The women were transferred to Con Son after they went on strike demanding that conditions of prisoners be improved, that prisoners not be beaten and tortured, and that women unsentenced, or with expired sentences as well as the sick and crippled, be released.

In the middle of the night, a loudspeaker told them to "pack your luggage and get ready to move on to another place. You will find better conditions and comforts at the new place." They were reassured that "military police will help the women with packing, and will not beat the women."

As soon as the loudspeaker went off, a shower of lime dust and tear gas fell on the women, and they were beaten and dragged from their cells by armed police, under the direction of the wardens and in the presence of officials from the Ministry of Interior, Police Headquarters, and National Director-

ate of the jail.

Dragging us down the steps, they threw us one on top of the other and stepped on our bodies. Lime was thrown on two of the babies who were about two months old. We thought they could not survive. At the prison gate they threw us into the trucks like animals. Our bodies burned - our bleeding wounds were mixed with lime dust. Our clothes were torn, some of us were naked. Some big trustees got into the truck, shackled us, and threw more lime on us. While waiting at the airport, shackled, the trustees and military field police continued to beat us and threw more bags of lime. Then they threw us onto the U.S. military planes. The Americans who were watching laughed.

The tiger cages were built with U.S. dollars and so is the detention equipment. The U.S. has an advisory body to handle such matters on the island. The \$450,000 they spend each year for the prisons in South Vietnam are not meant to improve them, but to build more. For prisons are needed to "detain" the population who oppose the present Saigon regime and its complicity with the U.S. All "troublemakers" are herded into concentration camps, "rehabilitation" or "re-education centers" - or "tiger cages."

A tiger cage is five feet wide, ten feet long and eight feet high. The walls are made of stones a foot thick. Above us were the iron bars. In each cell there is a cement bench, less than 3 feet wide six feet long, and two feet off the ground.

The cells were narrow and hot. Five of us were in one cell so we had to divide the space: two people lay on the cement bench and three persons lay below, squeezed together like canned fish, the limited space occupied by the iron bars used to shackle us. One of us had to lie sideways, close to the latrine bucket, with her legs bent day and night. Over our heads on the iron bars, there was always a barrel of lime dust. The trustee prisoners were allowed to place canvas beds over the iron bars where they could sleep and watch us day and night.

Across from the tiger cages are the outdoor toilets which continuously send out bad smells. Each gust of wind brings the dust from the toilets and covers our head, eyes and nose as well as our food and water. At night we could not sleep because of the cold, the mosquitoes, our dirty clothes, thirst, and because of the trustees sleeping above our heads.

We were never given enough food and drink. If we asked for more they sometimes answered by mixing our rice with petroleum or mixing our dried rotten fish with soap, or giving us uncooked rice. Often they did not allow us to wash our bowls. So we had to eat out of dirty bowls which the flies, dogs and poultry stepped on, and the mice ran over. Rice was usually mixed with the dust from the outdoor toilets. Each day they allowed us to empty our latrine bucket once. The narrow hot cells always smelled of excrement and urine. Each day when they opened the cell door, flies came into the cells in swarms. At night the bugs crept all over the walls and mosquitoes flew around sucking the prisoners' blood until morning. There were thousands of mosquitoes and bugs, their bellies swelling with the blood they sucked until they could not fly or creep any more. Ants and worms also bit us; our bodies itched and we were festering from scratching.

Each week we were allowed to wash ourselves three times. Each time they gave us five minutes,

time enough to quickly undress and pour one or two cans of water over our bodies. Sometimes before we could put our clothes on, the trustees would push the door open and come in with their whips, looking at us naked, swearing and kicking over the bucket and the remaining water, not allowing us to wash our clothes.

The conditions at Con Son caused many of us to suffer intestinal diseases, stomach disorders, diarrhea, cholera, malaria, TB, typhoid, as well as open wounds and the vomiting. When any of us fell seriously ill and when we called for emergency treatment, not only did the trustees do nothing but they also threatened to throw more lime on us and swore:

"This is a cattle cage."

"These are brick and lime kilns."

"If you do not obey and if you keep demanding things, we'll give you more lime dust."

"Death is common in Con Son. If you die, we'll send you to the cemetery of Hang Duong."

One of the women had cholera and called for the nurses. However, no nurse was sent down. She was accused of being a "peace disturber" and her arms and legs were shackled to an iron bar. She lay there in the midst of the feces.

In the eight months the women were at Con Son, they were "repressed" twice with lime dust. (Lime was used in Nazi Germany to cover and slowly dissolve the bodies of Jews who were thrown alive into trench graves.) On the fourth day of Tet (the lunar New Year), a sacred day in Vietnamese tradition, the women were beaten in the dispensary and in their cells. When they protested, they were immediately showered with lime dust. The second time, the women began protesting when they heard men in nearby tiger cages screaming.

We heard orders to "throw lime on them until they die." So the trustees rushed towards us, throwing bags and buckets of lime upon us, which had been set on the iron bars above. Buckets of water flowed. We were choked and burned by the lime mixed with water. Many fainted, others vomited blood. One woman was seriously injured when a block of hard lime fell on her head. At the same time, they went into the dispensary and threw lime onto the patients four times until all of them collapsed. They stuck the rest of the lime into the noses, mouths, and eyes of the patients so that some were blinded, others vomited and coughed up blood. After this, our bodies were all covered with lime. Yet they did not allow us to wash ourselves, or clean the cells. So for two months, we kept lying in the lime. We did not have a bit of water to cool ourselves. We had to wash our clothes with urine, consequently we itched and were covered with wounds.

One hundred and eight women were finally taken to Chi Hoa, another jail on the mainland. Here, they made demands that contacts between prisoners and their relatives be allowed and that prison conditions be improved. Shortly after, the trustees came into their new cells and beat them with clubs, table legs, iron rods and iron wheels.

The letter concludes with a denouncement of the atrocities the women have suffered, and a plea for support in their protest.

Chi Hoa, Sept. 20, 1970

(The letter is signed by 82 women. The others are scattered all over South Vietnam in other jails and were not able to sign.)

WOMEN IN



BALL AND CHAIN

There are two places where women are held prisoners of war in Chicago: the House of Correction and Cook County Jail. Women in the House of Correction and Cook County Jail. Women in the House of Corrections are generally younger than those in Cook County Jail, most women are in for grand larceny, armed robbery, aggravated battery, heavy possession or sale charges, murder and kidnapping. Most of those who get convicted will go to the penitentiary in Dwight, many for 20 to 40 or 30 to 60 years. The House looks like the pictures you've seen of the inside of Alcatraz--long rows of cells up and down the sides, with a large day room between them; a matron sits at the head of the day room 24 hours a day, and you're locked in at 4 or 8 PM for the nite. In Cook County Jail, the day room is much smaller, and cells are located down a long hallway. To go to the john during the nite, you have to wake everyone up by yelling for a matron to unlock you. If no one feels like coming, you pee in the sink; if you have to shit, it's unfortunate. A matron is not present all the time, but they walk around the catwalk that encircles the entire area about 50 times a day. The women have a distant early warning system worked out, so that every time a matron approaches the catwalk, anyone who sees her yells the code word of the day, and anyone who's messin' around can cool it, or else get thrown in the Hole. No two women are allowed in any cell at the same time. This may not sound too heavy, but it cuts down your opportunity for sexual survival about 50%. But there's a warning system worked out for that too.

The Hole is an 8 X 5 room with a steel door. It has one fluorescent lite that buzzes constantly and is always on. You can be kept there for 30 days with only one meal a day. Everything but your uniform is taken away from you, so there's not much to do. I spent 3 days there for doing nothing once, and I slept almost all the time. There was very little air and too much heat, and the only way I was able to remain calm and sane was to know ahead of time that I'd only be there for 5 days at the most. I can't really describe what it feels like to be in one room all the time with absolutely nothing to do, but it's a very simple and effective method of torture, and I look forward to the day that we lock Warden Moore in his own Hole for an indefinite period of time, with one of his own meals served to him every 24 hours.

As one might expect, the menu is not exactly designed to help women maintain strong, sound bodies. It's basic, starchy institutional food, with nothing fresh, and sometimes one small cup of real milk a day. It's designed, in case you haven't figured it out yet, to keep you fat and sluggish. You eat meals with a spoon, since forks and knives are considered potential weapons in jail (right on!). In a pinch, however, women have been known to use their spoons. The power of the people is again greater than the Man's technology.

Those women who have someone on the outside to put money into their jail account can buy cigarettes, candy, plastic meat and cheese, fruit, and make-up (black women mix coffee in Noxzema for liquid make-up). At least half the women have no money, but those who do often share it. Once I was disciplined by Moore and sent to the other tier, away from all the women I was tight with. That nite, thru the jail underground, I received a care package of candy, fruit and cigarettes from my lady friends across the way. Theoretically, you can receive books, unless of course they don't like the books, in which case they generally disappear. Letters are heavily censored, altho' there's a law against it. When I was in, I received only letters from my mother, and found out later that ten people had been writing to me regularly, and never got their letters back.

All of the conditions I've talked about so far are pretty similar to those on the men's tiers. But there are several aspects of Prisoner of War life where women suffer more. The first of these is recreation. In the Cook County Jails, there are hundreds of men, and only about 100 women. Since facilities in general are so inadequate, inhuman and abominable, women as a minority of the total number of prisoners receive even less than the men do. Men have regular outdoor recreation in the yard or on the baseball field, with somewhat decent equipment. Women get only a small space of concrete to walk around in. In the winter, no one goes anywhere, and fresh air is a forgotten thing.

There are a lot of people in jail who are forced under the circumstances to kick their habits rather suddenly. If you get any medicine to help, you're very lucky. I've seen guards and matrons come to a cell, supposedly to provide medical help for someone having an epileptic fit, and they stood around for 20 minutes poking the woman with sticks and rattling their keys against the bars. They were smart enough to lock the rest of us in first. The most tragic thing that happens to women involves pregnant women. The diet is the worst possible and they receive little or no special medical attention. In 1969 a woman delivered a baby in CCJ on her filthy cot alone in her cell, because no nurse was available at 2 AM and every matron refused to call a doctor. Also in 1969, in the House, a woman died of a heart attack after screaming all nite. No matron would unlock her until the next morning, when two of them went to her cell and stuck pins in her for "jiving" them with her outcries. The prison authorities can deny as much as they want, and insist that things are better now, but as long as sadists are still hired to "care for" our brothers and sisters in jail, and as long as prisons still exist to protect those who are the real criminals, we can't expect things to be much different.

Jails are designed to deprive you of your identity and uniqueness as an individual. There are daily routines, developed by the authorities, that everyone must mechanically follow. Theoretically, you are completely dependent on those who run the place for the fulfillment of all your needs. Actually, this isn't the case, because inmates devise underground systems of supply and communication. But everyone understands that a basic prison principle is to deprive you and make you dependent, like a small child who will pay the price of obedience to receive favors and rewards. One of the instincts that the prison pigs are most afraid of is sexuality, and this seems to be especially true with respect to women prisoners. I mentioned before that no 2 women are permitted in the same room at the same time. If a matron catches you sitting too close to another woman, or touching her too often, the two of you will be separated from each other, or if that's not possible, you'll be watched very closely.

On the women's tiers, you're not allowed to wear your own clothes. Two yellow or blue shapeless baggy dresses are given to you when you come in. You can wear a blouse or sweater underneath, but never anything over the dress. The men can wear their own clothes on the tier, or their newly designed bell-bottom uniforms. Every morning after all the bars have been dusted, all the floors washed, and all the toilets cleaned, there's a beauty ritual that the women have devised. A lot of ladies put on all their make-up, curl their hair, and put on knee socks that match their blouses. At first I thought this was a little strange--after all, no one was going anywhere--but pretty soon I started to want to do it myself. I suddenly became concerned about having my hair cut and tweezing my eyebrows. There was no one to look nice for but myself and the other women, but that, I began to realize, was the whole point. It was depressing to be in jail--there was nothing around that was a pleasure to look at. It was like holding on to and perfecting the last and only thing you had--yourself. I remember one day

after we'd been in for a few weeks a black sister sat us "SDS ladies" down and laid out the new rules--everyone takes a shower and irons their uniform every nite. When the women go to Chapel on Thursday (Chapel is a rock show where men from the musicians' tier perform for other inmates. Women are not permitted to perform, because they get the men too excited.), everyone had to wear a fresh uniform and do their hair. It was very far out--counselled in hygiene by a "criminal."

The most fascinating thing about jail survival was the incredible communication system that's been developed. Some of this I don't want to get very specific about, but the main thing that takes up most of some women's day is talking on the vents to the men three floors below the women's tiers. CCJ is an old building and the walls are made of iron, but there are cracks between the pieces, and you can yell into these cracks and then put your ear against them to hear sounds from below. Some people are very skilled at it--I heard a woman making love with her man three floors below (people fuck over the vents by talking to their man or woman, describing what they're doing to them physically, and masturbating; generally, we new folks were too up-tight to do this, but given more time I'm sure we would have gotten into it) and they had both developed their hearing so well that she was barely whispering and he could still hear her. On some nites about 10 of us would get on one vent and listen to a man downstairs sing the blues to us for an hour. There's also a 2-handed alphabet that everyone knows, and men and women write to each other between buildings 70 feet apart.

All in all, it was a pretty heavy experience. I had never lived in the middle of the colony before, and it was pretty clear from the start that I was going to learn a lot about my own racism. I know of other people who have had bad jail experiences, but I suspect it was because they came on too arrogant, or were too up-tight about their racism, which made them isolate themselves and act more racist. I had some hard times myself, because a young white college-educated girl is immediately suspected of being a stool-pigeon or a plant. There were times when I was hustled by women who wanted to make it with me, but I was never raped. I was always able to sit down and talk about it with the other woman. I just said I had never made love with a woman before and I was a little scared of it, and I talked about not wanting to be considered a sex object, because I'd had enough of that from the men I knew. And the women always understood--basically they said they were still interested in me, but they wouldn't treat me like a plaything anymore. They also suggested I get into making it with women, because it wasn't dirty or perverse, and it was the way you survived sexually in jail.

We talked a lot about the revolution when we were in jail. The other women knew that we Weatherwomen lived and worked collectively, and very often they would criticize us and point out things they thought we were doing wrong; their criticisms were amazingly perceptive and constructive. They saw us stifling the individual for the sake of collective spirit, they confronted us about being too hard and tight-assed about monogamy, and they suggested we try to be a little easier on ourselves while we were in jail. Meeting for 12 hours a day, they said, ain't no way to live--in jail or out. I thought at first that jail would be a total bummer, that I would sit nervously thru every day waiting to be bailed out and escape the horror of it. Instead, it mellowed me out a lot. I learned that you didn't have to go to compulsory strategy-planning meetings all day every day to be a revolutionary. You did have to devise new methods of survival, so that you could retain your identity, your uniqueness, your soul.

Most of the women I was in jail with are in the penitentiary now, doing 2 to 10 or 30 to 60 for something they didn't do, or something that no white man's jury had the right or ability to judge them for. I still relate to them, and their spirit, and all that they taught me. I'm not free as long as my sisters are in cages. When the prison gates are opened, the real dragon-ladies will fly out.

Voodoo Lady

CAGES

SISTER

MARCH

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN

WOMEN ALL OVER THE WORLD CELEBRATE THEIR SISTERHOOD

IN NEW YORK WHO ON THAT DAY IN 1957 AND

OUT OF THE HOMES AND FACTORIES AND

MARCH 8

A NEW BEGINNING ~ WE ARE BORN

AND ENERGY, DEFIANCE AND

MOMENTUM OF TOTAL RE

ALONE, BUT WITH SISTERS A

TNAM, CAMBODIA, LAOS ~ V

TO THE INVADER -

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POW

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ARCH 8

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY

TE THEIR SISTERHOOD REMEMBER OUR SISTERS

IN 1857 AND THEN IN 1908, TOOK THEIR RAGE

ACTORIES AND INTO THE STREETS.

ARCH 8

ARE BORN AGAIN IN STRENGTH

FIANCE AND LOVE. A NEW

TOTAL RESISTANCE - NOT

1 SISTER AND BROTHERS IN

A, WE BATTLE THE

WOMEN - CHANGING

THE

IN - WINNING

SA STATE OF

AND

WERFUL

DETROIT ANNIE



No Lady

Prison didn't improve me none.
 There was ten of us girls in the county jail
 five white, five black awaitin' trial for sellin shit.
 The white girls, they all on probation.
 Us black girls, we all go to Dwight. Me, three months gone.
 An I ask myself sittin on them concrete benches in the county.
 How come? How come me an my sisters goin to jail
 An the white girls goin back to college?
 Their mothers come in here an weep - they get probation.
 My mamma come in here - nose spread all over her face - she weepin too
 But I goin to Dwight.
 An I think about that - But I don't come up with no answers.
 Ain't got no money for a lawyer. Hell, I couldn't even make bail.
 Met the defender five minutes before my trial
 An I done what he said. Didn't seem like no trial to me,
 not like T.V.
 I didn't understand none of it.
 Six months to a year they give me.
 They ride us out there in a bus.
 My Lord, we rode - I thought we was goin to the ends of the earth.
 An then we get there - to the "campus" an Miss Morrissey.
 An two hundred rules, sayin' mostly what you can't do.
 An the warders wanna punish you all the time.
 See me playin' the game - goin to charm class an the body dynamics, (to learn my Feminine Role)
 An I take keypunchin, an I do real well.
 My boyfriend, he come to see me twice, an then he stop comin'
 An when I have the baby, I give it up,
 Weren't nothin else for me to do.
 They give me twenty-five dollar when I get outta there
 An I wearin my winter clothes in July, an everyone knows

where I comin from
 Six months I try to find a job, make it straight.
 But every door I push against closed tight.
 This here piece of paper say I'm a first-class keypuncher
 But the man who give the job, he say I flunk the test
 Sheeit man, I didn't flunk that test.
 You think I'm a criminal. I done my time, but you ain't reclassified me.
 I always be a criminal to you.
 So, I use some of the other things that prison taught me.
 That charm courses.
 No Sir - I been that route.
 You called me "criminal" an I guess I am.
 One of the counselors say I "mentally ill,"
 I needs treatment. Two hours a week they give me group therapy.
 The other hundred and fifteen, they lock me up - like an animal.
 An I ain't got no neurosis noways. Sheeit, it's this place make you ill.
 All them white warders, they so superior.
 All the time tellin you - "Don't give me no sass, girl."
 Squat! Use your pot!
 Down on your black ass, girl!
 Other night, I took sick with the cramps;
 There weren't no doctor 'til mornin.
 He poke me in the sore spot an say, "Girl-
 You jus wanna go to the hospital. Get you some tea an toast."
 Tea an toast!
 My girlfriend - she die of diabetes, before they do anythin for her.
 She come outta here in a box. Looks like it won be no different for me
 That's how it is, Lady.
 No. Prison didn't improve me none.

madame dinh

(*Nguyen Thi Dinh is Vice Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces of Liberation of South Vietnam and President of the Women's Union for the Liberation of South Vietnam. These thoughts about her life are written as told by her to Marta Rojas and Raul Vaides Vivo of Tricontinental.*)

Why is it that we are reading more and more about freedom fighters such as Madame Dinh these days? What is it that we can look for in their lives and in their spirit to move us here in Amerika?

"It seems that we sometimes forget that in Vietnam strong, liberated women and men live and fight. Not as abstract guerilla fighters, slugging it out with U.S. imperialism in S.E. Asia, but as people with values and loves and parents and children and hopes for the future." —New Morning-Changing Weather

My name is Nguyen Thi Dinh, but I have used many names during the different phases of the Revolution. My home is in the village of Luang Hoa in the township of Giong Trom, province of Bentre. I come from a poor peasant family. Of my ten brothers and sister, I am the youngest; therefore, I am called Ut.

My entire family are farmers, but I participated in the insurrection of 1930. There was much repression afterwards; one of my brothers was jailed. I was eleven years old at the time, but when they arrested my brother and the enemy began to use terrorism I started to fight against the rich peasants. I was very young, I didn't know anything, but I protested against the terror. After my brother left prison, he taught me a lot, especially about political matters. In 1935 I took part in the revolutionary movement and its leaders accepted me as a courier. I already knew that we had to make a revolution against the French and the rich peasants. . .

My family lived far away from the village school, so I could never attend classes as a child. I didn't know how to read or write when I began my revolutionary activities in 1935.

Good times came for the Revolution: the French Communist Party was participating in the government and we could fight openly in Vietnam. I became a propagandist agitator. From 1938 to 1945 I was an active member in the revolutionary organization. In 1939 the French had increased the repression, during

which the French Communist Party also suffered and we decided to create a democratic front. I was jailed in 1940 -- I had been married only two years -- but my husband had already been in jail since 1939-- he died in prison in 1942. When he was imprisoned, I had a six-month old baby, but they wouldn't let me take him to prison with me. I was jailed in the Ba-ra prison in a very dangerous thick jungle. In all there were one thousand political prisoners, one hundred of which were women.

In 1943 I suffered from a heart ailment and I was set free. I couldn't travel outside of my village; the puppet militia were constantly watching me and arrested anyone who became my friend. In the beginning I couldn't make contact with the revolutionary organization, but I have always been so closely in touch with the people, especially the peasants, that in 1944 I made contact with the leaders and continued the struggle.

I worked in the Viet Minh front and in 1945 took part in the popular insurrection, after which I resumed my work in the front. I was elected member of the committee of the women's organization of the province.

After the insurrection Cochinchina was liberated in only one month. In Bentre we fought the enemy and controlled the province for five months. On December 12, 1945, the enemy concentrated its troops and in a few days occupied the province. Our war was effective and in only one year -- from 1948 to 1949 -- we liberated 2/3rds of Bentre. In 1950 the enemy once agains occupied the region.

But once again the revolutionaries returned to the jungle and continued the struggle. In those times, there were no liberated villages. Other leaders and I personally worked among the people encouraging them to rebel.

In 1946 the political organization sent me to Hanoi to report on the revolution in the South. Only a few mountains had been liberated then; the road was difficult and dangerous since the enemy was everywhere. It was possible to travel only by sea and highway. But I finally managed to arrive in Hanoi and saw Ho Chi Minh.

If a family concealed me they were arrested and all their belongings confiscated; and it was dangerous to take to the jungle without arms. I tried to live even more closely with the people and to avoid arrest. I pretended to be a peasant-vendor. When I stayed in someone's house I pretended to be the sick daughter; the family would cover me up and I would

moan alot. Before the popular insurrection the vanguard organization appointed me to publicize the Resolution on the Arming of the People and the Armed Struggle. I headed this movement in my province when later the moment came and we were permitted to use arms. It was like the arrival of the rains after a drought. The revolutionaries were happy. We didn't have arms, but we had plenty of experience; we knew how to take the enemy's weapons and how to direct the insurrection successfully.

I personally led the uprising in Bentre, especially the military part. These were our slogans:

1. Stir up the revolutionary spirit of the people to destroy the strategic hamlets and reclaim their lands.
2. Use the intelligence of the people to take arms away from the enemy and supply our armed forces.
3. Act continuously so the enemy will not feel secure in any spot.
4. Develop our Armed Forces as fast as possible.
5. Carry on the political struggle parallel with the armed struggle.

On December 20, 1960, I was working as first secretary to the revolutionary organization in Bentre and Army Chief of the province. At the end of 1961 I became vice president of the NLF in Hue and also chief of the Army. At the beginning of 1964 I became a member of the Central Committee of the National Liberation Front as vice president of the Military Chief of Staff of the NLF and president of the Women's Committee.

My revolutionary life covers a span of twenty years. I thought I would die many times; first my husband died; later my son went to the North and long ago I learned that he, too, is dead. I remarried and in two or three years I have been with my husband only once; he too is a revolutionary leader. I thought I would die many times during the storm on the sea and when the enemy captured me in the tunnel, but I was saved many times with the peoples' help.

I have suffered tragedies in my personal life, but thanks to the organization and the people who educated me, I learned to overcome my suffering. It was a hard blow when I learned that my husband had died in prison and when I learned that my only son had died in 1960 -- he would have been twenty-five years old now. Thanks to the Revolution and to the cadres that taught me, a simple woman, I became a member of the General Staff and am able to serve my country.

Nguyen Thi Dinh

SISTER RAP

I'd like to talk about the scene I came from, 'cause a lot of sisters are going thru the same things. A lot of sisters are told, for so long, that they'll never be anything, they'll never accomplish anything and that they are no good, that they almost believe it. They start going out with a couple of guys and their mom says they're bums; they start going with a crowd and their family says it's the wrong crowd and they'll end up in jail or pregnant or in juvenile court. They feel no matter what they do--it's wrong. They don't get any encouragement and they're told to "be good"--whatever that means.

I know, I was afraid to talk to anyone, I wouldn't speak my own mind. I sat in a corner and anything anybody did to me--I would take it. They could shit all over me but that was alright 'cause I understood that they really didn't want to be mean, they were messed over too. I'd make excuses for everybody and if I heard that someone was mad at me for something I did, I'd run to apologize. "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you." It was pretty much the same for all the girls in our crowd. The guys would use us. "Do you have any money?" You'd give it to them. You almost felt you owed it to them, or if you didn't give them what they wanted, they wouldn't like you, and you didn't want that. You were afraid to turn anyone down. The only thing you had going for you was the kids in the neighborhood and you'd do everything you could so you wouldn't lose them. And especially the guys--you didn't want to be put down by the guys because then the girls would make fun of you and say, "Oh, he doesn't like you," or, "He thinks you're stupid." But at the same time, you couldn't be too friendly to all the guys because the girls would resent you if you were too nice to a guy they liked. They'd say you were taking away their boyfriend or trying to take over. You really got all involved in that stuff.

We finally got it a little together in the neighborhood and started to set up a coffeehouse for the kids..kind of a community center where we could get together off the street. I finally started going with a guy who was working with me on the coffeehouse. We hit it off good, and I started to trust him and talk to him a lot. I started to break out of my shyness and even took some independent steps because of the confidence I had from going with my boyfriend. We went together for a long time, and then he started getting into dope heavy and he kind of backed off from me--he'd make excuses so he could go with the guys and get high--shoot up and everything. I started getting paranoid--in fact that's what he used to call me--Paranoid! So I started secluding myself again, and I just dropped all my friends--I just went to work and came home--I had no social life at all. I saw him a couple

of times after that. He decided to go to California, and when he came back, about a month later, everything in my life started falling apart. I moved into my own apartment, and he told me we should break it off, and I just cracked up.

I wanted to commit myself. I just lost all the confidence I had because he wasn't around. A couple of months after that I met some sisters from Angry and they talked about the women getting themselves together and making themselves stronger. Like not being so dependent on guys for confidence and not being afraid to speak your own mind. Something just snapped all of a sudden, and I said what the hell am I doing? And I looked around and everything looked so different after that.

I started dealing with all kinds of problems and got my life together--taking on stuff that I've never dreamed of taking on before. I got involved in Angry and for me--a simple thing like passing out papers was heavy. But we (the sisters in Angry) gave each other confidence and I started rapping to people and reading and exchanging ideas, and it was almost like a completely different person doing it all.

It's like a whole new world has opened up to me. When you realize that you're getting involved with everything and not afraid to say something anymore, and you're not afraid to take on responsibility and get it done..it really blows your mind.

Especially if you see another sister challenging a guy and he backs off--he knows something is turning around! And if guys shut up when sisters tell them that they're full of shit (when they are) you get a feeling that they're listening to you, and you feel so much stronger--and it makes you think, "My god--look what I could've done if I'd started sooner."

This helps the guys too--because they have to start to deal with themselves and their heads change fast after they have to deal seriously with women a few times--and they can't continue to put women down for no reason 'cause women start to take some initiative.

When the guy I was going with came back from California, we both were working with Angry. We started going together again, but now it's different and better. We both bring strength to each other instead of the old drain of one trying to be strong and the other being totally dependent. We have a group of people that we can trust to help us with our personal problems and most important, we are working together to make a revolution and make the changes, in this messed up society, that will make life better for all people. My mind and strength have been liberated. Sisters--liberate yourselves!

Reprinted from Rising Up Angry

HIGH KARATE !

Women are becoming stronger everyday, and we've come to see Karate as an important tool in helping us become strong.

Through Karate we build our bodies. In school, girls/women are not expected to be really physically fit. Our bodies are seen as objects to be used mainly for sex and reproduction. Schools just don't give us physical tasks equivalent to those given men. The push-ups, sit-ups, knee-bends, punches, kicks that we do in Karate class are developing muscles in us that we never knew we had. Some of us could not even do one push-up when we began Karate. Now, after four months, we can do a dozen or more.

Women are coming to see that most institutions in this country are based on violence: schools, businesses, the Church and marriage. Women are raped every day. As women, we fear violence because we have not been equipped to deal with it physically or psychologically. All these institutions have played a part in keeping us weak because it is assumed that we will have men to protect us. In Karate we learn how to defend ourselves from physical attack. We also learn how to attack as well as defend.

The secret of Karate is in the concentration. To learn Karate well, we are developing new techniques of concentration.

One of the heaviest things about Karate is we are having to deal with our heads as well as our bodies. We are forced to work on hang-ups which have kept us weak and fearful all our lives, like fear of violence, feelings of inferiority and self-hatred.

FEAR OF VIOLENCE

Aside from the violence women have experienced in institutions like schools and jails, there are subtle kinds of bullshit which women encounter everyday in their dealings with men. One example comes to mind. When I was married, I was refused car insurance in my own name because the insurance agent said even though my husband didn't drive the car (he had his own) he was capable of forcefully taking the car from me and driving it. Therefore my policy would have to be under his name (at a higher cost, naturally) with the assumption that he sometimes drove the car, although he never did. This assumption and reinforcement of men's physical superiority is a subtle threat

which constantly hangs over our heads even in our best relationships with men. Someone may say, "But Charles would never physically attack me!" Maybe not, but that's not the point. The point is that much of our behavior; coyness, sweetness, child-like, kiss-ass, slave behavior stems from this given inequality. Would we not act differently with men if we knew with certainty that we could down any one of them with a swift Karate chop to the head? There is no question about it! In our Karate class, we are learning to face our fear of violence right on.

FEELINGS OF INFERIORITY

Most women coming into the Karate class lack confidence in their ability to fight and be strong. Our lack of confidence reflects reality, because most of us cannot defend ourselves physically, not because we are physically incapable, but psychologically handicapped. Since the age of nine, I was raised to be sugar and spice and everything nice. I learned to respond to crises with tears and mental collapse, not with anger and strength. In fact, most women turn their anger within in a torrent of self-pity and masochism. These feelings are brought up front in Karate, and we learn how to deal with them. We learn how to deal with anger -- we discourage tears and breast beating. A woman cannot cry and take Karate. She cannot feel inferior and break boards. Yet, some of us have cried in class; we feel inferior sometimes. But the beauty of Karate is that we have a physical real way of dealing with fears as they arise in class. We fight our way out of them!

SELF-HATRED

The love which we've begun to feel for our sisters comes after years of self-hatred and hatred of each other. This self-hatred is a characteristic of all oppressed peoples. It is no accident that "Black is Beautiful" arose as a major theme of the Black Liberation struggle. How many of us remember the times when we almost always preferred the company of men to women? the times when we were embarrassed and ashamed of other women? Subtle forms of competition and jealousy exist even among those of us who consider ourselves liberated women. In Karate we seize the opportunity to rid ourselves of these destructive feelings. As we find ourselves working for the same goals, the competition and jealousy become unnecessary.

However, this process does not just happen by itself. We in Karate make it happen. We work for this heightened consciousness in a Womens' Karate Collective.

How does it work? What can it do for the sisters in Karate? There are a number of reasons for women in Karate to come together in more than just a haphazard way. First, we have problems which are not ours alone, but common to all sisters in the class. To struggle with these problems alone is individualistic and counter-productive. It is also selfish. Not only can other sisters in the class help us, but we may be able to help other sisters too. Second, in a women's Karate collective, we get to know and love one another. For years women have worked against each other, but now we must work for each other. In our collective, we help each other get stronger by learning to constructively criticize each other, not by putting each other down. Instead of being competitive with each other (a tendency easily developed in our society) we learn to help each other attain our fullest potential. Our love and concern for each other helps develop our greatest strengths. Third, we are not in Karate just to become individually physically fit. We must see ourselves as the embryo of a womens collective of teachers. We want to develop ourselves as quickly as possible so that we may begin teaching Karate to other sisters.

Finally, and perhaps most important, Karate is not something apart from the real world. In our collective it quickly becomes clear that other issues related to Karate must be dealt with. A simple example, a woman who wants to come into the Karate class but has no babysitter, immediately brings up the question of childcare. Other issues like food co-ops, health, women political prisoners etc. are related to work in the Karate class. At some point we may decide to join with other womens' groups around specific issues that concern us all. We will deal with these broader issues from our work collective and not as individuals, and this will make our work that much more effective.

— joann

PEOPLE OF THE MYTH

The Beauty Chant told a story of two girls who discovered beauty while pursued by Bear-Man, Snake-Man, Frog-Man, and Turtle-Man.

Birth

I have had four babies, three in a hospital and the last at home...at last. A witch gave the Lamaze book to me and because it turned me on so much, I did do the exercises and did rethink thru the whole thing of pregnancy and birth, and so discovered a lot about being a real person, freeing myself, and what strength is. Also it gave understanding about the child coming, its own being, what our relationship really was. I think it helped me to feel really fine about being pregnant, and to see the baby as a free, separate being, and not my property. I know that a lot of people have used this method, and in many different life circumstances, and most feel very good about having done it. The hospital staff is always skeptical, but they see wide-awake concentrated women doing this and giving birth with such great power and ferocious joy, and they have to relate to it.

I was able to have my baby at home because of the Chicago Maternity Center, which sends out a birth squad to attend at births in homes. They come when you call to announce your baby and they have a perfect record. The squad includes a doctor, nurse and mid-wife. You go to them for pre-natal care too, of course, and they are quite good. You have to wait a lot on your monthly visit. The fee is what you can afford to pay. They are now on Maywell St. as they have been for many years.

Right now they are greatly threatened by having their funding withdrawn by the University and being moved from there to Passavant's parking lot, when the birth squad will be no more and all deliveries will take place there. So far only the staff has been able to oppose this. It will be a big fall backward if this happens. The people will lose again. Women, men, babies. Many will still have babies at home, but without any doctor nurse and midwife.

This is what I think about the woman in her body in the world. When we are first born our bodies are complete. Our respiratory, digestive, circulatory, and nervous system are not complete for three months, and it takes six months for our brains to finish evolving. It is a fact that the mother's rhythms--her heart, her breathing--help the infant's to regulate and strengthen, as her smell turns on the infant's sense of smell, as her touch wakens the baby's body, just as her caressing the baby's soft head stimulates the growth of the brain cells. The mother's body and her touch soothe, unify, awaken, and in us is deep sensuality and instinct to do this. The death culture tells us not to "spoil" our babies by holding them too much, that they should cry a lot for us (think of all the delicate connections being made in the infant's body, the adjustments, the sensations and pain it might be feeling that makes it cry out). In effect they say it is okay to begin alienation right away, why wait? But to instill anger, loss, to deny love; that is spoiling. Loving is loving.

The mother's relation to her child's body and her own body needs to be loving, intimate, accepting. But what if her relation to her body is fragmented, what if she doesn't like her body or feel that it can give pleasure, or she sees it in only a limited way as sensual? What if she goes thru pregnancy sick and scared, and giving birth is like becoming terribly sick? The whole life of a woman in her body is exposed by what happens in pregnancy and birth. The dependency, the trapped feeling, the fear of betrayal that many of us have is a natural outgrowth of our conditioning. The pain and fear of birth is built in by the training that keeps you ignorant of your body's ability and power. If you decide to give birth naturally, without anaesthesia, you have to recondition your reflexes and learn exactly what birth is so that you can know what to do. You learn how to interpret the contractions of the womb, not as pain, but a mighty muscular work that you can aid with your breathing and understanding. If you respond to these sensations with fear, then tension creates pain and slows down the birth. This is a measure of the problems we have with our bodies, of our ignorance. If we understand that we are mistresses of our bodies and that giving birth is something we are made to do intellectually and spiritually and physically, if we brush the doctors aside, keeping them for emergencies only, if we free our vaginas from the rape of instruments and needles, we find out a whole lot, like that the moment of the baby's head emerging can be the most cosmic intense orgasm of your life. Free birth!

There's a training called Lamaze that can take two months, or in Europe, the length of time it takes to give birth, where mid-wives teach this method to the women while they are in labor. (This is necessary for women who cannot take the time to go thru training sessions.) It is known as the Lamaze method, or the psychoprophylaxis, or painless natural childbirth. It requires that you learn about birth and pregnancy so that you can understand why you have the sensations you do. You learn to distinguish

between the different stages of labor so that you can do the particular kind of breathing required to help and not hinder the birth. You learn about the muscles you need to use and tone up.

Some of us are finding we don't want our babies in sterile, glaringly lit rooms full of suffering lonesome babies. So we decide to give birth at home with our friends and lovers and families close by. With music and incense, or just complete quiet. No whited experts telling us what to do, patronizing us and treating us as so much faulty plumbing. We want our babies close. We want our space to feel good in. Free birth!

In maternity wards and for weeks after leaving them many women suffer deep depression called "post partum blues" by the experts. They have a pill for it. During pregnancy this depression happens too. (Thalidomide was one attempted remedy.) It is a state of being deeply dragged to your soul, feeling helpless, alone, trapped, dependent, fearful, ugly, unwanted, over-burdened, paranoid. I am sure these feelings come from being out of reality, separated from the baby, into a weird place of fantasy composed of the things we are told we ought to feel and the picture we are presented. People taking our bodies over, against our true instinct that it's a lot of bullshit and that really we are strong and beautiful and that our sexuality is good and real in all its changes. Think about the way you see your pregnant friends and what feelings and thoughts you have of them. Plenty contradictions.

Around men, many are the contradictions, and if you are in a relation with one man, he is the object of love like the sea, like a mountain, and the object of fear and hate like of a devil. Other women can seem very threatening. Many times sisters don't understand that their friend is fucked up by conditions and not by will or weakness. Among these conditions are the physiological changes of the body that demand a woman to be tender and vulnerable and really requires of the world a gentle, safe place to do this work, to make life flourish. Sometimes the world is insane to a new mother. When she steps out the door to go to the store, she doesn't know if she is going to the store or to Tennessee or California or the end of the earth. People seem unfriendly and everything seems gloomy. There's no light. It gets heavier til you break free, however you can. It comes as a response to the contradiction of being a human being trapped in false understandings, passivity, in what seems to be a state of servitude that is really a state of creation and action. It comes out of being in deep touch with the universe, harmoniously attuned, but living in the belly of the monster where the war is born.

There are routines the hospital must observe in order to function, but that can obstruct individual patients' well-being. If a woman is nursing her baby it can be very hard to wait until the babies are brought out of the nursery for their scheduled time with mothers, since during the first days there is the delicate adjustment of supply of milk to the baby's need. Most women find they have more milk than the baby can take. This can be caused by the people in the nursery feeding the baby as a matter of course, or not having faith in nursing, or just forgetting. It can also be caused by not having the baby near-by to work with. The pituitary gland which controls nursing is in the brain. So it is important to be near the object of your attention and not to be lying around wondering how the baby is and if it's crying and whether anyone is picking it up. The baby, after all, has been inside your body a while, and that separation that suddenly happens is a tremendous change. If you are further separated by corridors and glass walls, it can be traumatic, or at least a pain in the ass. Nursing is good for the mother in all ways, notably it helps the womb to shrink back to normal size very rapidly. The first milk that comes down is called colostrum, and it contains exactly what the baby needs in its first days to clean out the mucous left from birth and it is perfect for the digestive tract to deal with. It is a mysterious substance, impossible to duplicate artificially. It is colorless but very potent and not to be overlooked. The baby's sucking stimulates the production of milk so that if the baby is near you, you may have the problem of too much milk if you are nursing a lot. All it takes is a little time and concentration to get it together.

If you nurse your baby, you can have one arm free, you can keep on truckin', you can have your baby close, you don't need a lot of apparatus, you can move around easily and freely. You can climb a mountain. You can have a pen, spray can, or a gun in one hand, and a baby in the other, feeling together totally satisfied and ready to deal with this fucker. We are free to be just what we want. To make our lives, to change everything, this time around.

Magica

Brothers and Sisters,

I received your Seed (Vol. 6 No. 6) and really dug it. As an x-Chicagoan who never read your earlier editions, I of course poured over your stuff from earlier times with delight. Saw your blank page and thought I'd write you, explaining what kind of shit is happening here at the U. of Ark. at Fayetteville.

Aside from the racist Greek system and Armed forces pig recruiters, a collective of brothers and sisters are being hassled in their attempts to sell their community newspaper, "Ozark Mountain Times," on campus. Two people have been arrested for "unlawful acts on state property." What they were doing was selling papers the same way Seed-sellers do on the streets. A defense by the ACLU will start in court March 25th.

This whole incident is so very typical of the oppressive system which we must live under. It is interesting to note that other papers such as the Arkansas Gazette and Arkansas Democrat are allowed to set up stands on campus.

I hope you all get it together there at the Seed and continue to put out such informative issues.

Ralph E. Erickson
Box 1590, U. of Ark., Fayetteville, Ark

Sisters & Brothers,

To show their disapproval of Amerikans on their soil, the Vietnamese kids here in Qui Nhon have been rioting and demonstraing for the past few days! Why? (Amerika, that's why!)

Well, a few days ago in the city, a GI on a passing US tank shot a grenade into a nearby home, killing 2 of 3 Vietnamese, probably injuring a few! (a few GI's were told that the killed were run over by truck?) The GI who shot the grenade thought it was a flare. Deosn't the A-R-M-Y teach us the difference? Whether accidental or not — HUMANS WERE KILLED UNNECESSARILY!

"Amerika Get the Fuck Out Of Vietnam!!"

Another reason for my writing is that I wish to cancel my subscription frm arriving here. For I am finally getting the fuck out fo the Army (it sucks) and Vietnam (it'd be ok if there wasn't a war) in about 35 days.

You'll be hearing from me in the future, for I want to keep subscribing to Seed when I return home (I am from Chicago — Pig City)

Thanks a lot for making my tour a little more bearable!

Revolt, Freedom & Diversity.....

Dear Seed,

I need your help. I am a recruit in the U.S. Navy. I am in the Navy because I was drafted into the US Army. I realize now that I have made a mistake. I can't support this institution, this system, or this government without seriously damaging my religious and moral convictions. I am currently awaiting a Conscientious Objector Discharge, however it will take some time before I can convince the people here I am sincere in my beliefs. I am finding that my morale is waning. My spirits could use some outside support. I ask that you publish this letter with hope that some of your readers will send me a few words of encouragement. All letters will be greatly appreciated and I will do my best to answer them all.

For a while,

Thomas P. Boguslaw SRD510757, Co. 015
Batt. 14, Recruit Training Command
Great Lakes, Ill. 60088

Hello Seed —

We are being held as prisoners here at Fort Polk, Louisiana, both of us from Chicago. We are trying to organize some of the "joes" here into our own army. We have been very active here at Polk and we need help. Such activities have ranged from cutting peace signs in front of headquarters with a lawnmower, to refusing weapons and orders that have no significance to our cause. We want an end to the draft and the war in Southeast Asia.

We would like some literature from Movement for a Democratic Military, and CADRE if possible. Can we subscribe to the Seed from here at Polk? If so, at what cost?

We've both been through basic training and most of AIT (note-Advanced Infantry Training). One of us is pending court-martial at present, the other is also on restriction.

We're sick of the bullshit, and many others are too. There are many ways to fight the army, but we do need help, and we can help others.

Just recently, we began an article for the Seed. We will have it finished within another week.

PV1 G_____

& PV2 E_____

Dear Seed,

Rather recently it was my great misfortune to reside in the System's "Bastion of Evil," the Cook County Jail. I lived there for over eight miserable months—waiting for a trial. Some trial—lasted three days and ended when the State rested its case (insufficient testimony and no evidence). Anyway, this whole affair began when some chump lied to an Illinois Grand Jury eight months earlier—and admitted curing cross-examination at my trial!

It all ended about three months ago, or so i thought! I have two years of college and extensive experience in a whole passel of jobs. Also art school and some journalism. Since my acquittal, I have found it impossible to get any kind of a full-time job. Prospective employers lay it on heavy about how they really don't mind my long hair and beard. . . But!!! They send me home to wait for a call that never comes. "Give us your phone number, and we'll let you know," is the stock response to my applications. They don't even have the balls to say "No" to my face! The State Unemployment Office told me they "can't help."

My woman has a part-time job, but we're tired of eating soup, and my pride suffers (even though she's been very understanding). I can't make it alone—I need help! Could you folks at The Seed toss this around? I'm desperate! Don't even have the bread to split!

No cop-out, please,
Replies can be addressed to Seed, Box D. A.

FEED BACK



The Seed thanks the Zoo Crew for all the graphics they've been sending. Far as we can tell, they're a collective of G.I.'s at different bases here and in Viet Nam. We'd really like to know more about you, Zoo—send some graphix in black and white so we can reprint them.

Seed:

I just read an ad in your paper calling for four to eight people to help get a farm together in the area. Write Ledford, U. of Wisc., etc.

What an inspiration I got! I quickly tore out this piece of paper and started to ask for information, but before I found a pen my loud-ass inner voice started asking me questions.

"Why the fuck do you want to move on a farm? These college kids wouldn't want a small-penis, introverted, masturbating, excessively shy, especially girl-shy, semi-literate, gauche hillbilly. It's plain to see that these kids want socially adjusted, mentally adjusted, hip people like themselves to help till the land.

"And while we're on the subject, let me try to explain something to you. You've worked in that warehouse for two years now and you've lived in the new neighborhood for 16 months. In that time, you've not only met no new people, but you've lost your old buddies as well as a result of your refusal to go and make chicks with them. They probably think you're gay, but you know that your just too chickenshit.

Ah, fuck it Seed. I've tried to explain my problems, but I'm just too inarticulate to do it. How many times have I cried to myself, hated myself, obsessed myself with the knowledge that I'll go through my whole life without intimacy with others, without that "accepted feeling" that I so crave. Oh Seed, for once can't somebody stop dealith with mass problems like physical poverty and just for once reach out to help one person, one unimportant person who can't help himself? What the hell, though others have it worse and suicide is painless...

Crybaby

Dear Seed —

This is to the guy from Kansas offering ten bucks. If I could step outside my door and not risk being mugged, raped or run over by one of the million or so cars in the Chicago area; if I could see a blue sky, green grass and trees; and a blue Chicago River and Lake Michigan (blues and green like the kind that come out of a tube of paints); if I could see all people healthy and well-fed (not just your "85%", whoever and wherever the hell they may be); if there was a hell of a lot less concrete-flashing neon-plastic americana; and if all of "our" military were back heer instead of all over Asia, Germany, Iceland, Thailand, etc.—Man, if all this could be accomplished (not to mention a good 5-cent cigar, a halt to the rising cost-of-living, and obliterating the unemployment situation), then perhaps we could revert back to your "tradition of being the best place on earth." But, that dream was killed several times over in a hell of a lot of ways and I doubt if it'll be resurrected. The odds are sure against it.

Cathie

Dear Seedlings —

About six years ago, I got turned on to what is now called our counter-culture. I was living on the southwest side of the city but eventually started making my move to the north side.

Now here it is six years later and I find myself back on the SW side, after being blackmailed, busted and ripped-off while living on the north side. Things have changed radically while I was gone. People of our culture are no longer the small minority they once were. It's even possible to walk down the streets without fear of being shotgunned.

Now is the time for people of the southwest side to become unified. I feel that with the help of the 'Seed', all of the small groups of people can come together and thus become a contributing factor in the effort to make chicago a truly free city.

I woyld greatly appreciate any comments from people who would like to become involved in such a project. Please write to the Seed in care of me —

Thank you
Louis K

Dear Seed Staff,

Brothers and Sisters of Chicago (re: your moldy-oldy issue — all brand-new to me)

I haven't even finished reading your paper yet but i wanted to tell all of you that the articles on Women's Lib and the poetry were so so beautiful, and embodied a much-needed change from the growing trend in underground newspapers to scream REVOLT! KILL! and "Open up your eyes, you stupid shits!" Thank god for your gentle articles and messages of hope. All the stupid shits do have their eyes open and most of the freaks here do know that the revolution has begun. The LA Free-Press, Houston's own paper Space City! and others have too mant shock items far too many sexist ads that are only sending their readers out looking for something new — a paper that counsels, laughs and comforts. Please — keep on keeping' on — I'm not asking for escape, just someone who talks to me like I'm a person and not a programmed hippie. Thanks for printing those di Prima poems — she's a beautiful chick — and for the very truthful rap on leaders on page 3, and especially for Duck and the Dragon Killer (Michelle — take care). I'll buy the paper in the future —

power to the people
Toni

More Feedback

Dear Seed:

I answered the ad in your last issue about the "People's Lobby." I want to share the results with you.

Last month I called the People's Lobby and arranged for an interview at 2:30 p.m. the next day at a private home, at 6836 S. Creiger. I was interviewed by three people, including Mr. Ted Robinson, originator of the project. They hired me that day as the PR person. Mr. Robinson and I arranged to meet the following day at a restaurant, where over Blue Point oysters on the halfshell, we discussed the organization in detail. He then asked to come to my house (only a few blocks away) and I assumed he wanted to further discuss the organization. In my home, he proceeded to take off his shoes, lie down on the sofa, turn off the lights, etc. What he wanted became clear. When he realized that I wasn't about to let him fuck me, he sat up and gave me a 20 minute lecture on how he didn't need to fuck me after all because he had all these other women. He told me that I was pretty hung up and that he didn't think I would work out for his project. When a woman-friend of his arrived to pick him up, he began discussing various papers from his brief case with me, as if nothing had happened. They left and I never heard from Mr. Robinson again. If Ted Robinson's behavior with me is any indication, he has messed over a lot of sisters.

Joann Piontkowski



Black Market

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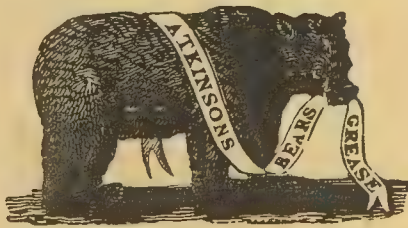
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ALICE'S

This was supposed to be an article on how to start another Alice's. But what's the sense of starting something that noone cares to complete. The present Alice's face so many obstacles that it verges on closing. Do people think that by learning our success (?) at opening Alice's, they can blithely go on to another neighborhood and not only open another place, but correct all our mistakes thereupon creating euphoria?

If that's the kind of information desired, I have two alternative suggestions. Either, they get hold of lots of bread, contract out all physical labor, pay off the city, never charge less than \$2 at the door, and serve liquor. Or they get hold of any storefront possible, sweep the floor once, throw a couple of chairs in the place, put up posters of some longhair shooting p, and call it Freeload City Community Center.

To do anything inbetween seems impossible. On one hand, you've got every greedy person in the city down your back, including union people, inspectors of every size and shape, pigs, juvenile authorities, neighborhood rip-off artists, and even "free society" freaks wanting us to support them. On the other hand you've got every dispossessed person in the city, crying that we're too capitalistic and don't do enough for the community. These people are no less greedy than the first group, it's just that they have no power position from which to bargain.

This may sound harsh, and may even be a completely wrong analysis, but it's the way things look from Alice's perspective.

Let's take a more specific example. Recently I was told that Alice's has turned off almost the whole community. Why? Is it because we demand too much from other groups? The only things we've ever demanded from other organizations have been from the FM radio stations; the newspapers, straight and underground; and few local bands. If those stations and papers have Public Service Announcements, we ask them to announce our events; when first opening we asked a couple of bands to play for below scale. That has been the total lump sum of our request.

Let's compare this with what we've freely offered the community. First, we've virtually given up our Sundays to benefits for community organizations. Here's a list: Past benefits for: La Dolores Center; Rising Up Angry; Chicago Womens Liberation Union; Radio Free Chicago; Seed; Student Mobe; Chicago Indian Village; Constitutional Convention. Future benefits for: St. Mary's; Movement for a Democratic Military; I.W.W.; Neighborhood Commons; Fritzi Englestein Health Clinic; Encyclopedia Britannica Organizing Committee. We take no money from them. Even help them publicize and organize the event if they need it. The only request we make is that they help clean up at night. A simple request isn't it? Well, the last benefit we had was for the Chicago Womens Liberation Union. After assuring us that they would help clean up, they walked out the door with every penny made and not one attempt to sweep the floor or clean off a table.

These benefits, more than anything else, have gotten us in trouble with the authorities. We still intend to hold them because they're crucial to building a group of ongoing community organizations. But it appears that the organizations themselves don't really care about the consequences towards Alice's. (A side thought: Where were all these groups when we held a benefit for Alice's survival and expansion of services?)



This example is symptomatic of the whole Movement. There is less love and less honest work among many of these people than anywhere else in society. The usual attitude is either what's in it for me or let's hear the proper political rhetoric.

Here's some more things we've offered to do: hold conferences, free of charge, for groups who need space, eg. Draft Resistance, Men's Conferences, etc.; lend money out to responsible community people. spend Saturday afternoons working with kids in the neighborhood; allow community groups to raise money in Alice's on weekends; usually allow community organizers to get in for free; for a time, be the distribution center for used clothes in the neighborhood; put up with all kinds of problems from needing a place to crash to needing some love.

We've kicked out more bummers and hasslers than any other place we know of. Tell me, what other organization is trying to deal with bad scenes in the neighborhood? When a certain person started to trash community centers and hassle people on the street, Alice's was the only group that attempted to deal with the problem. Everyone else preferred to turn their backs. (Talking of bad scenes, Free City Exchange has been nothing but a bunch of freeloaders trying to find places for themselves to crash, incapable of helping anyone else.)

Another important point of interest should be that Alice's is the highest paying blues club in the city of those that ask \$1.00 at the door. Yes, the musicians get paid and rightfully so. At Alice's they receive a higher percentage of the net profits than anywhere else in the city. Remember, most clubs make their bread off of liquor. We do this because we feel these people deserve it.

We have heard other criticisms about the kind of people who frequent Alice's. If there are people sincerely interested in Womens Liberation and Men Against Cool, where are they when Alice's is filled with people who need to be turned on by these movements I'm not talking about militant shouting and rhetorical speechmaking, but about the slow getting to know people before anyone's attitude can really be changed. If these people are merely going to talk among themselves, their movements will die.

How many times have community oriented people moved out of an area because they don't know how to retain what is theirs? It seems that too many community people are unwilling to support Alice's because they prefer to leave an area upon the first sign of a straight than to struggle for what is theirs. Is the answer to keep moving north until we're put in the suburbs where many of our parents moved years ago?

When the new Alice's was started, a group of representatives from different community organizations were involved. They did little or no work and lost interest before we opened our doors for the first time.

A lot of people are wondering why we started a new policy of a minimum age of 18 on Fridays and Saturdays. In simple terms, there are two reasons. One too much pressure from the city. Since the Rising Up Angry Benefit, we've been hassled a lot by pigs checking our licenses and by inspectors. Curfew is one of the particular hassles. Commander Nolan has made it known to us that his biggest concerns are over drug users and curfew violators. One weekend the scene became unbearable—teenagers lying to us, refusing to leave at request, patrolmen coming in. That was the last straw.

Two, we just do not want too young a crowd. I asked a lot of people after the old Alice's closed why they had stopped coming in. Many said the scene was too young. I empathize with the problem of the under 18 year old. Nowhere to go, nothing to do. However, we don't want Alice's known as a teen club. Most of the under 18 year olds came from far distances, like the suburbs, not from the neighborhood. I've heard of a couple of coffee houses trying to get started in the suburbs. Maybe that's the answer. All I know is that by the summer time, without this rule, we'll be so swamped with teenagers, runaways and irate parents that we'd probably be closed down.

The age minimum applies only to Friday and Saturday. Exceptions are made for people under 18 in the neighborhood who are doing community work.

This article is not an attempt to put Alice's on a pedestal. We have many faults and shortcomings, but unless others come and help us, we won't be able to overcome them. A lot of Alice people have dropped out simply because the work has been too overbearing. From the moment you wake in the morning until late into the night, you work for Alice's. No free days, very little time off. That's our life right now.

We are still open to anyone who has creative programs that can fit into Alice's. We are presently working with the Other Cheek Commune in starting a free survival school at Alice's. The beginning date is March 2. We spend so much time building, cleaning, and repairing that we're afraid that Alice's will never reach its potential, for we have no time to talk to other people, turn them on to our ideas, listen to theirs. Hopefully, this article will have communicated some of our problems to the community at large.

Ray Townley of the Alice's staff

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FUSION
11/27/70



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February 20, Saturday morning. The Emergency Broadcast System goes into effect when some government agency transmits a doomsday *alert* tape instead of a doomsday *test* tape on nationwide teletype news. Thoughts of "Failsafe" and "War of the Worlds" comes on TV seven hours later. People are stunned that such an error could happen and are paranoid over the fact that most radio and TV stations ignored it. Investigations begin and procedures are altered.

Emergency Action Notification messages will no longer be automatically transmitted over AP and UPI news lines. Instead the emergency notification message will be sent to the news desks at the wire services where an editor will try to confirm it with government officials.

That means that the government has to perceive a coming catastrophe, notify other government agencies, and get the word to UPI and AP. The wire services must then check out the emergency notification with the government and only after confirmation get a special perforated tape complete with code words on the teletype and going to all radio and TV stations. People at the stations then hear ten rings from their teletype's bell and hear a special CONAL-RAD radio receiver go off to notify them that some type of crisis has come up. They check the

teletype, see the code word, try to find the sealed envelope they have with the

list of code words, compare words for the day, find the

taped Emergency Action Notification message or the script to read, and get it on the air.

I'm not sure how long the government thinks all that will take if everything goes smoothly (they always assume things *will* go smoothly), but it seems very likely that it will take longer than the time it takes for a foreign plane to be tracked and an atomic bomb to be dropped, or for the President to be shot and the government immobilized, or for an invasion force to be detected and the country attacked.

By the time your favorite newscaster gets on the air to tell you that within a few minutes your radio will go dead and you will too. . . . that few minutes will have happened many minutes. . . if not hours ago.

Mitch

bugged?

There is no law prohibiting the detection and removal of phone taps, regardless of their so-called legality. "The vast majority of phone taps are planted without court approval anyhow," according to the Counter-Spy Committee, a group of electronic technicians and lawyers in Washington, D.C., who provide free detection and removal service to people and groups being tapped, but unable to pay for professional detection services.

An example of their diligent work is the discovery of one elaborate device plugged into regular phone company equipment near the home of a woman school teacher who had participated in a few marches. The device was a near duplicate of the equipment which should have been there, except that it also served as a powerful radio transmitter.

The Counter-Spy Committee is looking in other major cities for people with some knowledge of electronics who would like to be trained and given equipment to detect taps by the D.C. committee. They will send fully equipped teams of technicians to remove devices when local sleuths discover them. Money is urgently needed for travel expenses and equipment upkeep.

Contributors, volunteers, and persons wanting further information should write to: The Counter-Spy Committee, 1402 New York Avenue, Washington D.C. 20005.

WIPE EM OUT!

KULTURE

KWICKIES

The ambiguity of Pontecorvo's *BURN!* makes it interesting intellectually, but I'm afraid that it will prevent the film from attaining the popularity of his previous work, "Battle of Algiers." That first film had tremendous power because it caught unequivocally the sweep of history, the inevitability of revolution, the strength of a people determined to drive off their oppressors. "Burn!" deals more in the way revolutionary movements can be manipulated. Marlon Brando is a British agent who organizes the people on an island in the Antilles to throw out their Portugese masters so they can be replaced by British masters. When a revolutionary movement is begun against the British (by the same man whom Brando had set up to fight the Portugese), he is sent back to destroy it. The ending isn't definite. Jose Dolores (the revolutionary leader) accepts death so that his martyrdom can inspire his people; Brando is killed. Is the execution of Dolores a revolutionary victory? Does Brando's death mean that the British will finally be defeated? Or will the whole movement just be co-opted by someone else in some other way. Interesting questions all, and Pontecorvo's lush color photography holds our attention, but one hardly leaves the theater itching to smash the state.

Check out the May issue of *SPIDERMAN*. It is the first major comic to be released without the comic code since the mid-fifties, when the code went into effect. The reason: a sub-plot about drugs, which is a no-no in the code even if the comic takes a heavy anti-drug stand (which is the case here). Important as a precedent, as comic publishers, looking to boost their failing market, might get into heavier things and just ignore the code entirely. — LEE SHIFMAN

Calendar

art

This calendar is current. Send listing for future calendars to Calendar, c/o Seed, 950 W. Wrightwood, Chicago 60614

JESUS RAPHAEL SOTO has optical constructions at THE MUSEUM OF TEMPORARY ART through March 28th. You can also rap with four artists who have painted "people's murals" around the city while they do up some murals at the museum.

ART CLASSES begin the week of March 14th at the JANE ADAMS CENTER, 3212 N. Broadway. Classes for adults are held from 7-9:30 Monday thru Friday—drawing and painting, still-life, portraits, ceramics, sculpture, stone-lithography, easel on copper—and from 1-3 Tuesdays and Fridays. Classes for children run from 3:30 to 5—creative art, ceramics, sculpture. Classes cost \$12 for children (plus \$2 yearly membership), adult classes vary from \$25-35 (plus \$5 membership). Call 549-1631 for more information.

Community

MARCH 6-7 and 13-14: a four-day training session on military counseling, sponsored by the Chicago Area Military Project (CAMP). The sessions will run 6 or 7 hours each day, and are primarily for people in the Chicago area. For details call CAMP NEWS, 689-2525.

MARCH 6 - Celebrate International Women's Day. Loop Center YWCA, 37 S. Wabash, 3rd floor.

Films, Panel on Women's Oppression, workshops for Action, lunch, drama, art exhibit, entertainment.

MARCH 9 - La Gente is having a community meeting around 8 p.m. at their storefront in the 3400 block of N. Halsted to discuss their eviction and the fate of their free food pantry. Everyone is asked to come and rap about it.

MARCH 12 - Film Benefit and dance for RISING UP ANGRY, at Blue Gargoyle, 57th & University, and MARCH 13 at 925 W. Diversey (Diversey & Wilton). Showings: 7:00 Stagolee 8:00 79 Spring Times 9:00 Live Band and Dance 10:00 Stagolee 11:00 Live Band & Dance Donation \$1.00. For further information contact Rising up Angry, 472-1791.

THE DC 12 DEFENSE COMMITTEE is helping defend a group of gay liberationists busted in Washington during the RPCC. This is a landmark case, potentially setting multiple precedents for homosexual rights. For more information, or to contribute money or moral support, please call 472-5852.

GAY LIBERATION FRONT New Members meeting are being held on Wednesdays from 7 to 9 p.m. at 667 W. Berry. For further information call 472-2967.

Northside WOMEN'S LIBERATION The Sister's Center, 7071 Glenwood will be open every Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m. for a rap group and woman's history study group. Call 338-6073.

Chicago Gay Alliance meetings held every Sunday at 3 p.m. at Lincoln Park Presbyterian Church, 600 W. Fullerton. A communal dinner follows. Rap sessions are held every Thursday at 8 p.m. at the church.

music

MARCH 5 - Old Town School of Folk Music presents Jimmy Drifwood, and Jim Post, two folksingers. At Francis Parker School Auditorium, Clark and Webster. Adults \$3, students \$1.75.

MARCH 6 - A Festival of Life, ten bands, at Great Hall, Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana. 4 p.m.-1 a.m., Donation \$1.00. Benefit for New Morning.

MARCH 6 - "The Second Coming," performs at the Illinois Room at the Circle Center, University of Illinois. at 9:00 p.m. \$2.00. Sponsored by U. of I. Gay Liberation.

MARCH 7 - At Auditorium Theatre, POCO and Linda Ronstadt perform at 7 p.m. Tickets \$6.50 to \$3.50, available at TICKETRON.

ALICE'S, 950 W. Wrightwood, has the following music schedule:

March 5 & 6 Otis Rush \$1.00 donation
March 7 Folk Night .50 donation
March 12-13 Carey Bell \$1.00 donation
March 14 I.W.W. Benefit, good bands
Thursday Nights - Jam Night, with Sunny Land Slim and the Wolf Band .50.

SYNDROME (ugh) in Chicago Coliseum, presents, for \$5.00:

March 5 - "Steppenwolf" at 8:30.
March 12 James Taylor at 8:00.
May 28 - "Frank Zappa" at 8:00.

THE BARBAROSSA, 1117 N. Dearborn, has folk music every Friday and Saturday nights. Fridays at 10:30 and 12:30; Sat. at 10:30, 12:30 and 2:00 am. Also features a bar and chess playing. Call 944-8959 for further information.

THE QUIET KNIGHT, Belmont and Sheffield, presents the McIn-Forrest Stage Group every Monday night, the Siegel/Schwall Blues Band every Tuesday night. In addition, they have special weekend programs, including Spider John Kerner on January 27. For show times and prices call 348-9509.

CHICAGO BLUES SCENE

(usually on weekends)
People should keep in mind that after years of oppression, some of the people who frequent these clubs may be overly prone to making value judgments based solely on skin color.

West Side
Washburn Lounge—Hoyne and Washburn
Avenue Lounge—2841 W. Madison
Texas Lady—3135 W. Cermak
The Full Note—Ogden and Sawyer
Turners—39th and Indiana
Don's Cedar Club—Milwaukee and Division

South Side
The 1125 Club—1125 W. 59th
Expressway Lounge—72 E. 55th
Stardust Lounge—1253 W. 79th
Club Alex—1815 W. Roosevelt
Tom's Musicians Lounge—Roosevelt and Fairfield
Big Dukes—2500 W. Roosevelt



Pianist Garrick Ohlsson, first prize winner of Warsaw's International Chopin competition, will kick out the jams with a rendition of the Concerto in E Minor. Auditorium Theatre, Congress and Michigan, March 5th, Friday. Call 922-2110 for reservations and information.

flicks

FILM COURSE beginning March 5, 7:30 p.m. at Notre Dame High School, 3000 N. Mango Ave., Only \$1.00 registration fee entitles you to see some fine films. For further information call SP 7-7900 ext. 51 or 77.

BENEFITS for the VENCEREMOS BRIGADE 6 films from Cuba, about the liberation struggles of people all over the world. Films are: "NOW" HASTA LA VICTORIA SIEMPRE, "MEDINA BOW" "THE LENIN CENTENAL BRIGADE," THE VENCEREMOS BRIGADE,"

March 5 - Blue Gargoyle, 57th and University 8-12 p.m.
March 6 - Parent's School 1940 N. Halsted, 8-12 p.m.
March 7, The Church at 925 W. Diversey, 5-9 p.m.

MARCH 7 - Women's Classic Film Festival, at Church of the Three Crosses, 1900 N. Sedgewick. 2-6 p.m. "Letters of Fire," "She" "Dangerous Females," "Female of the Species," "Way down Cast," donation \$1.00.

BRYN MAWR, 1125 W. Bryn Mawr, :
March 5 - "Boys in the Band," "Loving"
March 12 - "The Virgin and the Gypsy"
and Fellini's "Satyricon"
March 19 - "The Sicilian Clan," and "Darker Than Amber."

BIOGRAPH, 2433 N. Lincoln (\$1.00 to get in, .75 for popcorn):

March 5 - "The Daydreamer," and "The Stranger."
March 12 - "Wings," a silent, and the first Academy award winner.

THREE-PENNY CINEMA, 2424 N. Lincoln, presents:

"Going Down the Road," will be running for a long time.

BEST BET SAYS THE SEED: "Gimme Shelter, at the Esquire.

theater

COLUMBIA COLLEGE THEATER—PERFORMING ARTS CENTER
"The Seagull," a comedy by Anton Chekhov. Fridays and Saturdays thru March 27, 1971. Curtain is at 7:30 at 1725 N. Wells St. FREE.

Two theatres which usually have garbage but occasionally hit goodies are the Monroe, in the Loop, and the Parkway, 2736 N. Clark, which changes double feature four times a week; watch for the gold among the stinkers.

ALICES, 950 W. Wrightwood, presents political documentaries on Tuesday nites:
March 9 - "Battle of Algiers"
March 16 - "The War Game"
showings 8 and 10 p.m.

OLD TOWN PLAYERS 1718 N. North Park. Premiere of "Goodnight Mrs. Puffin", an English comedy. Fri & Sat. at 8:30 p.m. and Sun. at 7:30 p.m. Tickets \$2.00. For reservations call 645-0145.

NEW TRIER WEST presents "Oh What a Lovely War," by Joan Littlewood. On Weds. (March 3 & 10th) and Thurs (March 11 & 4) and Fri. (March 5 & 12) and Sat. (March 6 & 13). 8:00 p.m. Tickets are \$2.00, seats unreserved.

LINCOLN PARK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, 600 W. Fullerton presents "Things That Go Bump in the Night" by Terrence McNally. Every Fri. Sat. and Sun. through March 28, at 8 p.m. \$2.00 regular price, \$1.00 students. Call 248-8288 for reservations.

THE CHICAGO EXTENSION presents improvisational theatre. Sundays at 8:30 at the Body Politic, 2259 N. Lincoln, and beginning in March at Alices, 950 W. Wrightwood, on Wednesdays at 8:30.

THE CIVIC THEATRE, 20 N. Wacker, present "The M. Nobody Knows," a Broadway rock musical. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Wed. and Sun. at 2:00. Prices run from \$4.00 to \$7.50. Call RA 6-7890 for further information.

THAT STEAK JOYNT has a play, as well as food. It's "Picasso's Moustache" and is at 9 p.m. on Sun. and Tues-Thurs. At 11:30 on Fri. and Sat. Call 943-5091 for reservations.

KATHLEEN MULLADY MEMORIAL THEATRE, 6525 N. Sheridan, presents "Waiting for Godot" as performed by the Loyola Theatre Dept., Tickets \$3.00; faculty and students \$1.50. Call BR 4-3000, ext 638.

FREE THEATRE, 3257 N. Sheffield Ave. presents "Achilles" every Sunday at 7 and 9 p.m. and Mon. at 7:30 and 9, through February. Admission free. Call 929-6920 for info.

THE ORGANIC THEATRE, 2259 N. Lincoln presents "Candide" Wed. to Fri. at 8:30. Tickets are \$2.50. Sat. at 10:30, tickets \$3.00, students \$1.50. For reservations call 477-1977.

GOODMAN THEATER, 200 S. Columbia Drive, presents "Marching Song" by John Whiting starting on March 9th and running thru April 4th. 2 PM Thursday, 7:30 Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday, 8:30 Friday and Saturday. Call CE6-7080 for ticket info.

KINGSTON MINES THEATRE, 2356 N. Lincoln, presents "Grease," a rock visit to the 1950s. The Daily News likes it, Rising Up Angry doesn't. Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays at 8:30. \$3. Call 525-9893 for reservations.

INTERCOURSE

NEEDED

People interested in working to create an alternative school for children on the far North Side of Chicago. Needed—workers, teachers, children, and money. We want this school to be free not just better. Call 338-6073. Ask for Marg or Jack.

Wanted: four to eight people to help buy farm between Milwaukee-Madison-Chicago triangle. Need money and hard workers willing to stick to it. NO inorganic dope, promiscuity, moochers, loafers. YES people who want to teach and learn. OK pets, kids. For info or reply, write: D.C. Ledford, Box 404, Sandburg Hall, U. of Wis.-Mil., 3400 Maryland Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53211.

Taylor Youth Center needs a piano. Can you turn us on to one? Call Linda Shear, 929-1232.

Near broke Radio Free Chicago is still tryin' to get their new studio together and go back on the air. Contributions of money or any of the following items are really needed: desks, tables, chairs, file cabinets, shelving, fluorescent light fixtures, typewriters, intercom, and office supplies. RFC also needs mikes and stands, tape decks, turntables, tonearms, pre-amps, mixers, portable tape recorders, speakers, equipment racks and cabinets, blank recording tape, tools, test equipment, spare electronic parts, equalizers, echo units CB equipment, and radio-teletype equipment. Broken equipment is cool, & working stuff is magnificent. Contact RFC at 929-0133 or write c/o Seed. Thanks.

Impoverished student needs a guitar. Will pay a small price if necessary. Call Mike at 674-4794, 4-10 pm Mon-Fri.

The "Oleo Strut," a GI coffeehouse in Killeen, Texas, needs money, trading stamps, photo equip., cars or anything at all. They are doing GI organizing against the war, etc. Please send whatever you can to the Oleo Strut, 101 Ave. D., Killeen, Texas 76541.

Broke Seed-Radio Free Chicago staffer could really dig on exercising his fingers on an acoustic or electric guitar. If you have an extra guitar you can give to a budding musical failure, contact Mitch at 929-0133.

Attention writers: We need new avant-garde scripts and productions for filming by a campus cinema guild. Fee paid for accepted material. (All material seriously considered.) Do not send original manuscripts but copies. We can not be held responsible for scripts lost in the mail. Send material to: Bruce Popka, The Boilermaker, Purdue Univ., 2233 171st St., Hammond, Ind. 46323

Video Free Chicago is into liberating video from its sterile view of Amerika and relating TV to the people in the community. If you are involved in video, psychology and/or communication and are interested in harnessing the psychic energy of TV for positive social change, contact Dave, 581-0994.

Two-story house wanted with at least four bedrooms, workroom, sitting room, two baths, sun porch and garden in Lincoln Park area, for under \$300 rent. call 549-8814 afternoons til midnight.

GIGS

I will truck you and your shit anywhere in my Dodge van for reasonable compensation. Call 281-2299 after 5, leave message for Gary.

FREAK TRIMMER—If you only want your hair trimmed, call Helene after 5pm at 528-8251.

Just came in from Boston, need a gig, doing painting and light carpentry. Far out prices. Call 528-7310 Les.

Young man needs full-time job. Something decent? Have had various job experience. Willing to learn and work. Call Tom 785-4210.

Truckin—I have a half ton truck and will help you move or haul or whatever. call Bill at 528-6091.

Young woman with small child needs legitimate job—call 583-4429.

MESSAGES

Welcome back to Mitch the Bitch. It's about time. We missed you, even though you never really left.

Thanks to the ZOO CREW for brightening up the morning mail

To my Darryl—mistakes of the past are gone and forgiven. We must live for the future. You are the most beautiful person I have ever known and I want to live the rest of my life with you. Together we will seek for peace. Love to man, Your Susan.

Brewer—Looked for you. Call me soon. Can help. 352-1281. Wheeler.

Happy Birthday to Walter Wilson from Sandy of Rainbow Park.

Patti Cambensy, we're looking for you. Please come home. Anyone knowing whereabouts please call Carole Cambensy 777-7869.

Ride wanted to Houston after March 14. Leah-929-0135.

RIDES

Need ride to Los Angeles. help pay for gas, and repairs if needed. Sparrow 539-0264.

Leaving for Arizona on or around Mid-March. Need ride. Willing to help with expenses. Contact Kathleen or Joann c/o Seed Box Kathleen. ASAP

Travelling companion wanted for trip through Mexico and eventually Calif. I have car. Share expenses. Around March 15 or 31st. Box 123.

Interested in moving to San Francisco? I would like someone to share expenses and driving time. Will rent a van and leave the last part of April or early May. If interested write Seed, Box 196.

Male 17 with no bread needs ride to New York no later than last week in March. 944-0393 Dana.

Ride Board—If you need a ride or a rider to share expenses call 334-7668. Service charge \$1.

MISCELLANEOUS

Anyone interested in starting a commune contact me, Box 123, Seed.

This is a community bulletin board, not a classified ad section. This service is free but we accept donations. We've tried to eliminate rip-offs, legal turn-ons, model ads, dating services, hip capitalist crap, and sexist ads. We still cannot vouch for the sincerity or legitimacy of ads, and if you still get ripped-off let us know. Not all notices can be run for the upcoming issue if they're sent in too late. If your ad is dated, send it in about one month before the deadline, so as to assure its appearance. Ads aren't accepted over the phone—bring them in or mail them. When you give us the ad, include a phone number and/or address where we can reach you if there is a question. Phone & address can be withheld for the asking. We may assign Seed box numbers to ads of a possibly personal nature, to eliminate crank phone calls, etc. You may request a box number. Any more questions?—call Maralee at the Seed.

MUSIC

Electric violin player wants position with rock group. Earl, 801 NE Jefferson Ave., Peoria, 309-673-7051.

Lead guitarist looking for people to form a group. Steve anytime 219-938-1325/ 1205 Wells, Gary, Ind 46403.

Acoustic guitarist and singer available for movement work, also for paying gigs. contact Frank at 547-8435. Leave message if I'm not in.

Need dynamite guitarist for stoned band. must travel. Tom 327-2158.

Experienced bass player and drummer available for rock group. Can sing, have equipment. call Bob 348-3370.

Folk singer with original material seeks transcriber. call Howie after 6pm, 342-2869.

FOR SALE/TRADE

F or Sale: records of all kinds, cheap! Rock, jazz, folk, pop, blues.... Limited supply. Leave message Charly 666-9621.

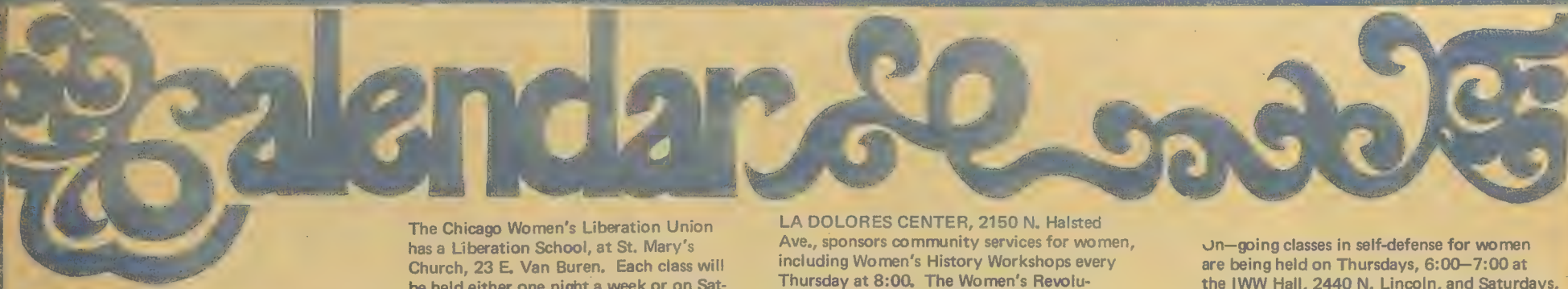
Will trade portable 14" T.V. for turntable. pref. stereo. contact Marc, Box 10, Seed.

Do it on the water. Water beds for sale cheap. *call 528-8798.

Fine 12-string acoustic guitar—hardly ever used must sacrifice \$130. Call 834-8091.

Afghan female 6 mo. A.K.C. Reg. Excellent Bloodline—lovable red clown, needs home. owner can't afford to feed her and needs the money for rent—\$100. Call 528-4250 betw 2pm & 6pm, Cindy.

For sale—double bed and frame. 1 yr. old. \$35 or best offer. you pick up, vicin North & Wells. Call Judie 642-0532 Evenings & weekends.



CLASSES

THE PEOPLE'S SCHOOL, 4409 N. Sheridan, is having liberation classes, featuring courses in philosophy, music, the occult, photography, street medicine, earth class, Afro-American history, creative writing, etc. Mondays through Thursdays, and FREE. For further information call 561-6737.

CREATIVE MARXISM: Alternative futures for America, Sundays at 4:00 and Tuesdays at 7:30. A seminar dealing with ecological and technological possibilities for America's future, and the relevance of Marxism. Call 348-7119 for location and further details.

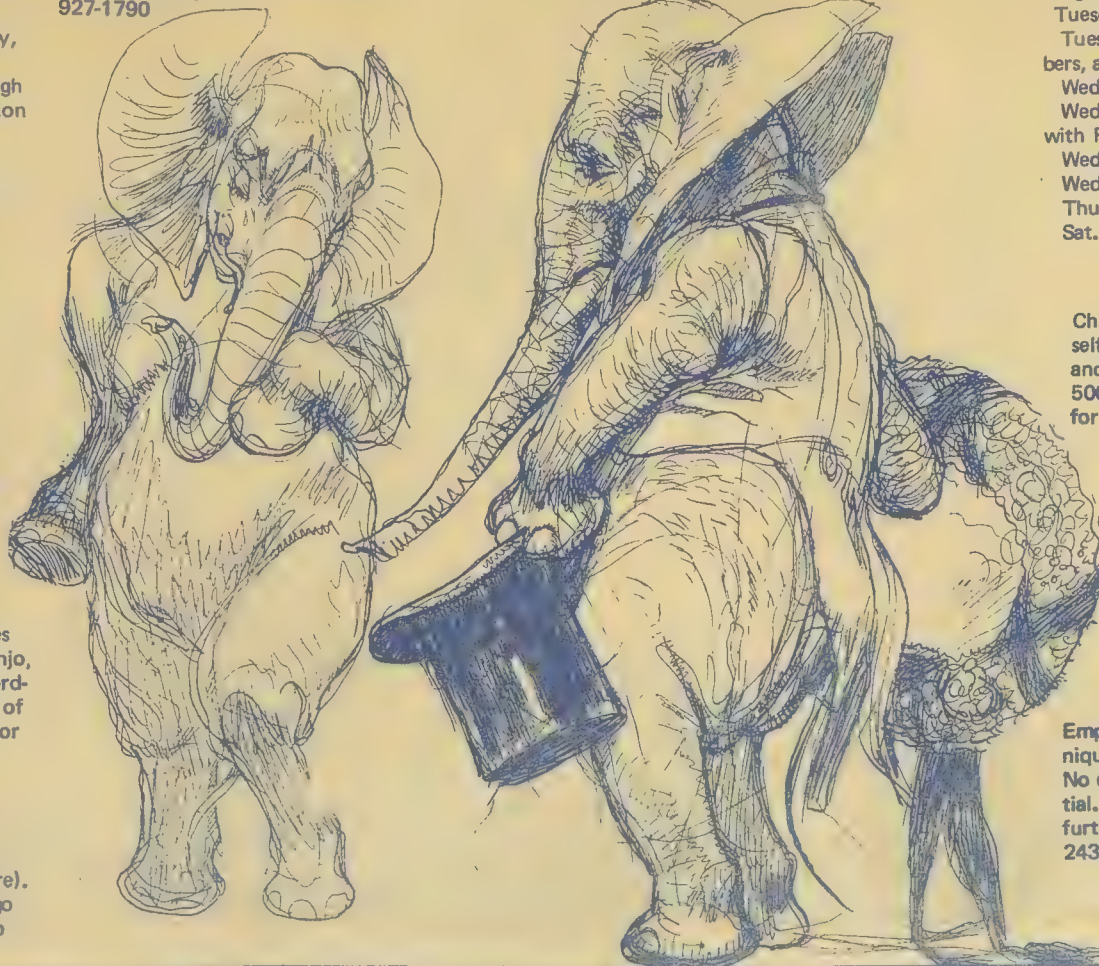
OLD TOWN SCHOOL OF FOLK MUSIC, 909 W. Armitage Ave., has classes on guitar, banjo, mandolin and dulcimer. Call 525-7472 or 525-7621 for further information.

THE COUNTRY PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOP has classes for beginners and advanced students who want to learn to use their heads as well as their cameras. Call 248-9294 for further information.

VILLAGE SCHOOL OF FOLKMUSIC, 631 Deerfield Road, Deerfield, Ill., teaches courses in traditional American folk music (guitar, banjo, autoharp, mandolin, voice, dulcimer and recorder). The school also has a complete selection of instruments, music books, and accessories. For further info, call 945-5321.

THE ALTERNATE UNIVERSITY at Circle Campus. A wide range of learning experiences (poetry, ring-making, self-defense, Chicago "culture," guerrilla theatre, and much more). Contact the Hartford Committee, 317 Chicago Circle Center, 663-4651, if you would like to teach a course or obtain a timetable.

The Chicago Women's Liberation Union has a Liberation School, at St. Mary's Church, 23 E. Van Buren. Each class will be held either one night a week or on Saturday mornings, for six weeks. The classes are open to any woman who registers and who gives \$2.00, if possible. Child care will be provided during the classes. If you are interested call the CWLU 927-1790



LA DOLORES CENTER, 2150 N. Halsted Ave., sponsors community services for women, including Women's History Workshops every Thursday at 8:00. The Women's Revolutionary Art Co-op meets every Wednesday at 7:30. It's based on the idea that anyone can be an artist and tries to help increase natural artistic ability. For further information, call 935-0324.

On-going classes in self-defense for women are being held on Thursdays, 6:00—7:00 at the IWW Hall, 2440 N. Lincoln, and Saturdays, 3:00—5:00 at Ida Noyes Hall, University of Chicago, 1212 E. 59th St.

ALICES SURVIVAL SCHOOL, 950 W. Wrightwood.
Tuesdays 4:30 - Macrame
Tuesdays 7:00 Psychodrama (new members, at 7:30 regular sessions)
Weds.- 6:30 Guitar classes
Weds. - 9:00 Guerilla Theatre Workshop with Rapid Transit
Weds. - 7:00, Non-Destructive Power Gizmos.
Weds. - 10:30 Poetry Readings
Thursday 6:00 - Communal Living
Sat. noon - R.D. Laing (writer)

Chinese Gung-Fu is an esoteric science of self-defense that aims to create a divine man and woman. Parkway Community Center, 500 E. 67th St. Call John Thomas, 493-1306 for further information.

Paul Oscher, harp player with Muddy Waters Blues band & other members of band will be offering classes in guitar, piano, harp & drums. Call 624-3641 for further information.

IMPROV. WORKSHOP
Employing improvisational and game techniques. Sundays at 3:15 at 1653 N Wells No experience necessary—but interest essential. \$11.00 for 7 workshop sessions. For further information call: Rosanne at 421-2435 or Don at 248-3933.

FREE CITY

FREE CITY EXCHANGE, the Chicago community switchboard, is temporarily out of commission. In the meantime, if you need a place for someone to crash, need a ride somewhere, have a ride, need medical care, need food, have food, need a lawyer, on a bum trip, need a job or an apartment, or anything else, call **SUNSHINE AIDE**, 767-1565.

Aid & Comfort

These organizations/services are all telephone emergency services that you can call for help with bum trips, legal hassles, medical aid, places to crash, or anything else legal.

Of course, if you're afraid of getting busted for any real reason, treat with caution.

CHANGES—a Hyde Park switchboard can be reached at the following numbers: Andi-363-5049, Tom/Mike-752-2707, Dan-PL2-0505, Hilary-324-1469. Steve-324-3092.

DIRS—DRUG INFORMATION AND RESCUE SERVICE. Serves the north suburbs from Lake Forest. 24 hours on weekends, 6PM-midnight during the week. 295-2929.

HOTLINE—an Oak Park switchboard. Fri-Sun 6PM-6AM. 848-2555.

INNER TUBE— Mon-Thurs, 8-12PM. Fri-Sun 4-12PM. 777-0545/6.

KOOLAIDE—30 W. Chicago Av. 664-0505. 1pm-2am Mon-Thurs and 24 hours on weekends.

LOOKING GLASS—24 hours. Primarily for runaways. 334-2601. 1725 W. Wilson.

STUDENT DRUG COUNCIL (Northwestern University)—Evanston area. Mon-Thurs 7pm-2am. Open 24 hours a day on weekends. 866-9500.

SUNSHINE AIDE—4220 W 59th St. Open 24 hours Fri and Sat. 4pm-4am on weekdays. 767-1565.

YATS—YOUTH AIDE TELEPHONE SERVICE. 775-2211, evenings.

YOUTH AND COMMUNITY OUTREACH of Palatine. 37 N Plum Grove Rd. 24 hours daily. 358-6702.

GRACE LUTHERAN CHURCH—555 W Belden. 929-3553. 24 hours a day. Free Feed Weds. at 6.

ABORTION COUNSELING— and pregnancy services are available through **JANE** — Women's Liberation. 643-3844.

18TH STREET AUTO CO—OP—good car doctors. Located at 1835 S. Canal Port (rear), you can call ah or Charley at 733-6761. They're open from 8am-5pm.

PREGNANCY TESTING SERVICE—Women's Liberation Union. 929-1790 or 935-0364.

Community

ALICE'S REVISITED at 950 W Wrightwood is open every night except Monday. Check the Seed

on the weekends and thursdays, folk music, raps, theater groups, just about everything. They also have some good food and some good coffee. More people are needed to help expand their programs, especially the Children's program on Saturdays. Weekends they're open to 18 and over people only. Call 528-4250 or stop by.

THE BOOKSTORE LTD., trades, buys and sells books, takes crafts and almost anything on consignment. They have access to an industrial sewing machine for those who know how to sew.

COMMUNITY MEETINGS—EVERY WEDNESDAY AT 7:30 PM AT THE IWW HALL, 2440 N. LINCOLN

and highly potential market for individually styled clothes — bring your own materials or sew with theirs on a consignment basis. 2478 N. Lincoln, stop by.

FREE CITY MUSIC is coordinated by Euphoria Blimpworks. They can supply sound for your next benefit, concert or riot, and have a list of bands willing to play benefits and hopefully playing gigs. Phone **PUSH-1-IN**.

THE EVANSTON PEACE CENTER has a draft counseling service, a library and a bookstore, among other good things. They are also the N. Shore center for the People's Peace Treaty. The regular hours for the center are from 10 to 4 every day. For information on the draft counseling service hours, call 475-2260.

FREE STORE at the Youth Help Center of Grace Lutheran Church wants all the old stuff you don't need - things like old books, clothes, money, etc. Do not bring in large items like furniture, etc., but call to let us know that they are available. 929-3553. Bring smaller items to the Church at 555 W. Belden from 11 am to 5pm weekdays, or evenings by calling 929-3553.

MIDWEST DOPE DEALERS ASSOCIATION is a cooperative of righteous dealers in the community to get good and cheap dope to the people. This week's coordinates for message drops are Z-22-G4, Rogers Park. Please refer to M.D.D.A. guide.

NEW FEMINIST BOOKSTORE at 1525 E. 53rd St., Room 503 sends out catalogues of books, buttons, stickers and pamphlets.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE BOOKSTORE, 3322 N. Halsted has a large number of Women's Liberation materials, as well as an assortment of used books. Hours are from 6:30 pm to 9:30pm weekdays and from 12 noon to 9pm weekends. 477-4373.

PEOPLE'S INFORMATION CENTER—2154 N. Halsted has information, books, and newspapers from the Black Panther Party, Rising Up Angry, the Young Lords and other revolutionary organizations. The center needs office supplies, especially supplies for a Roneo mimeo machine, and a whole lot of mimeo paper. The phone is 549-8626.

RAPID TRANSIT THEATER is back on the street with plays relating to North American struggle and the struggle of our Latin American sisters and brothers. They are also interested in relating to community issues and invite suggestions for their mime and theater. Call 666-5496 if you'd like them to perform and help in the struggle.

TRIAD free-form radio. Space music and inter-cosmic raps weeknites from 8-12pm on 106FM. To make you smile and get you higher.

from 9am to 9pm Mon to Fri and 10am to 4pm on Saturday.

VISIT A P.O.W. The Black Panther Party has begun a program to enable visits by family and friends to prisoners being held in the jails in the state. Rides are being arranged to Joliet, St. Charles, Sheridan, Vandalia, Menard, the House and others. If you know of any organization, church or individual who has access to transportation and can donate some time to the project call **Rising Up Angry** at 472-1791.

Organizations

THE ILLINOIS CHAPTER OF THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY publishes a community bulletin, operates seven community centers, three breakfast programs, a medical center, and the National Committee to Combat Fascism. They need money, breakfast foods, office equipment and supplies, mimeos, paper and cars. The office is at 4233 S. Indiana. 924-6575.

CHICAGO AREA GROUP ON LATIN AMERICA (CAGLA) is an information/action group seeking solidarity with the Latin American liberation movement. They are building a complete library on the Latin American revolution and hope to set up a distribution center for Cuban materials. For info/suggestions etc., call LI 9-3700 or stop by 800 W. Belden (McGraw Library basement).

CHICAGO GAY ALLIANCE provides an alternative social structure for the homosexual, aids young homosexuals in "coming out", provides speakers to present the homosexual viewpoint in rap sessions with the straight community, and is dedicated to ending the legal and psychological repression of homosexuals everywhere. Call 337-0579 or 943-2615 for further information.

CHICAGO INDIAN VILLAGE 1354 W. Wilson desperately needs food and clothing for Indian families in Chicago. Call 784-9892 if you can help in any way.

COMMITTEE OF RETURNED VOLUNTEERS is an organization of returned overseas volunteers (peace corps, etc) doing research into American Imperialism and is working in support of all anti-imperialist movements. They're at 840 W. Oakdale, call 477-3340.

WHOLE EARTH STORE, 530 Dempster in Evanston is a bookstore that's in it for a lot more than the money. "Community copies" of each book on sale are available for reading in the store, and people are invited to bring books by so that a circulating library can be set up. Also planned are the stocking of some of materials listed in the Whole Earth Catalog and rap groups on ecology, health, community, counter-culture and radical politics. Hours are from noon to ten, closed Mondays.

GAY LIBERATION is dedicated to freedom for homosexuals to live without fear of repression and to develop points of solidarity between gay people and other oppressed peoples. See Good Numbers for listings.

CHICAGO BRANCH OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD is part of the oldest genuine radical labor organization in the U.S. The office is at 2240 N. Lincoln Av., the phone is 549-5045. The hall is available for meetings, socials and benefits, but needs a lot of work, so why don't you drop by and help out? Volunteer office help is welcome. Call them for help in job situations that are in need of labor organiz-

935-0364. La Dolores has lots of programs: introduction to Women's Liberation; rap groups; Marxist study groups; Women's history groups; self defense classes; a day care committee, to mention only a few of the programs. The center is open at various hours; call to check.

LADO—The Latin American Defense Organization is from the Latin community of the near Northwest side of Chicago. LADO was founded in September of 1966 and has concentrated on attacking the problems of welfare recipients.

In addition, LADO has acted on a number of complaints of police brutality. The latest programs are the Center for People's Health, and in addition to the Welfare Union, LADO is organizing around the problems of workers in the community, creating a mass involvement in the organization. Go by the office at 2353 W. North Av. for further information.

MEDICAL COMMITTEE FOR HUMAN RIGHTS 1613 E. 53rd St., 752-7472, helps out free medical centers, provides instruction on street medical aid, and can provide medical presence at demonstrations.

MEN AGAINST COOL are a group of men trying to deal with the ways in which men oppress women, other men and themselves. They are holding continuing rap sessions on these and other related topics. For more information call 728-4338 or 477-9771.

MOVEMENT FOR A DEMOCRATIC MILITARY is trying to get a little democracy into the armed forces by organizing active duty GPs and reservists. They operate a bookstore and office at 1303 Morrow in North Chicago. For info call 689-2525.

NORTH SIDE COOPERATIVE MINISTRY is involved in too many programs to list here. They are working in the areas of promoting peace, low income housing, education through a Headstart program, common pantrys and a bail service. They need volunteers, food, lawyers, medical supplies, and bail money. Call 281-0690 if you need what they got or you have what they need. 2507 N. Greenview.

RIISING UP ANGRY is an organization of brothers and sisters both grease and freak throughout the city. They publish a newspaper, hold open raps, cool out fights between the gangs and try to get the people together to fight the real enemy. Their office is at 2744 N. Lincoln, phone 472-1791.

STUDENT HEALTH ORGANIZATION (SHO) works to bring health and medicine to the streets. They are involved with several of the medical centers listed here, and they welcome, need, volunteer help. Help smash the profit oriented medical industry. 1613 E. 53rd, 493-2741.

TRIAL—Total Repeal of Illinois Abortion Laws is a coalition of organizations and individuals in the state that believes that Abortion is a woman's right. To aid in the repeal of the abortion laws, call 248-1600 or stop by the office at 2150 N. Halsted. Help is needed NOW.

WOMEN'S LIBERATION— See the good numbers listings and call one of the centers to find out what's going on - there's too much to even start listing here.

THE YOUTH INTERNATIONAL PARTY is dedicated to the overthrow of government, authority, money and morality. Leave messages in the hollow tree at the northeast corner of Lincoln Park. For more information call the red squad.

Health Centers

These clinics are set up primarily to serve the community in which they operate. All of them

clinic just because you want something for free. These centers are run to provide decent medical care for people who might not otherwise even SEE a doctor. Don't fuck them up, nobody needs freeloaders.

BENITO JUAREZ COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER is located at 1831 S. Racine, and it's open Mondays and Tuesdays 1:30-3:30 and Wednesdays from 6-10pm. Call 243-4844 for info on services.

DIRECTORY

DR. E. BETANCES FREE PEOPLE'S HEALTH CENTER is operated by the Young Lords Organization at the people's Church, 834 W. Armistage. It serves people living south of Fullerton Av. in the Lincoln Park area. For hours and services contact Alberto Chavira at 348-4091, and for information on how you can help keep the center in operation.

IRENE JOSSELYN CLINIC, 405 Central Ave. in Northfield is a mental health clinic serving the northern suburbs of Chicago. Hours are 8am to 5pm Monday to Friday through evenings and Saturdays are possible if you call first. It is NOT free, but the fees are according to ability to pay. 446-8910.

THE FRITZI ENGELSTEIN FREE PEOPLE'S HEALTH CENTER is at the Holy Covenant Church, Wilton and Diversey. It serves people living in the Lincoln Park and Lakeview areas. Hours are Mon and Wed from 6 to 9pm and Sat from 1-4. It provides medical care, checkups, shots, disease tests, referrals for health, housing and legal problems, child care and education in family health care, first aid and nutrition. 348-8578. The center is in desperate need of doctors and nurses, so if you qualify, please see if you can help them out. The clinic can also use donations to go towards the purchase of medicine.

SPURGEON "JAKE" WINTER FREE PEOPLE'S MEDICAL CLINIC is operated by the Black Panther Party and provides free health care for the community. They are at 3850 W. 16th St., 522-3220. Donation of money and medical supplies are always welcome.

YOUNG PATRIOTS UPTOWN HEALTH SERVICE is at 4403 N. Sheridan Rd. 334-8957. It is operated by the Young Patriots Organization for the people of Uptown. Hours are from 7pm Mon, Tues and Thurs. Sat from 10-12 for children only. The center needs money to continue to operate - supplies and drugs cost plenty \$\$.

Legal Aid

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION handles cases where points of constitutionality are involved. They won't usually take drug busts or ordinary riot cases. The office is at 6 S. Clark, phone 236-5564.

THE COUNTER-CULTURE LAW PROJECT, 360 E. Superior, is composed of lawyers, law students, and legal workers who feel it necessary to use our legal skills to protect and maintain revolutionary counter-cultural forms such as communes, work collectives, free schools and underground arts and media. If you are a member of one of these groups and are being hassled

or you want to rap, call Lee, Jim, Bill, Diane, Jane or Mark at 649-8576. All work is free.

LEGAL AID CLINIC for youth at the Grace Lutheran Church, 555 W. Belden, Thurs 7:30pm-10pm.

THE PEOPLE'S LAW OFFICE handles criminal cases free to members of revolutionary organizations, others according to their ability to pay. 2156 N. Halsted. 929-1880.

Printing - Art

J.S. JORDAN MEMORIAL PRINTING CO-OP prints for the community at cooperative rates. Donations of paper and printing supplies are welcome at this Wobbly shop (IU 450). 6710 N Clark. 973-0219.

WEB OFFSET NEWSPAPER PRINTING - Call Fred at 641-6976 (ok to leave a message if he's out) for best prices and top quality. No hassles.

OMEGA POSTERS prints for the community. Omega grew out of the CADRE printing program. They can print sizes up to 11x17 inches in four colors with separations provided. 711 S. Dearborn., Rm. 543. 939-7672. Very reasonable.

RED STAR PRESS prints for the community pretty cheap and pretty good. They can do four colors up to 17x22 inches, and they just got some new equipment so maybe they can do more. 1964 N. Bissell, the phone number is BITE - LSD (I kid you not).

WOMEN'S REVOLUTIONARY ART CO-OP has formed to help women break the chains of the colonizing brainwashing that they have been subjected to all their lives and to open up another front against the American Fatherland. Art Belongs To The People! 935-0364. Meetings are at LaDolores Center Wed at 7:30pm. 1250 N. Halsted.

Classes

LIBERATION SCHOOL FOR WOMEN is offering courses on Women's history, birth control, the radical women's movement, and many others. If you're interested in helping the school, call the Women's Liberation Union at 927-1790.

THE PEOPLE'S SCHOOL is operating on two fronts - survival through learning technical skills in communications and liberation through student developed curricula, ranging from creative writing to art to psychology to running a Satur-

day evening coffeehouse. They have been operating a student-run food coop as well. Call 561-6737 for information on classes or programs. 4409 N. Sheridan.

Draft

CAMP has counselors at the following locations to provide advice on discharges for hardship, CO and other outs, as well as lawyers for Court Martials, political problems, etc. for active duty servicemen:

AFSC: 427-2533 by appointment.
CADRE: 664-6895
MCDC: 427-3350

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE- 427-2533.

CHICAGO AREA DRAFT RESISTERS: 519 W. North, 664-6895.

MIDWEST COMMITTEE FOR DRAFT COUNSELING: 427-3350.

NORTH SIDE

All Saints Church, 4550 N. Hermitage. LO 1-0111, 4pm to 6pm Thurs evenings.

Wellington Ave. Draft Counseling: Wellington Av. Congregational Church, 615 Wellington. 935-0642. Tues. 6:30-8pm, Sat. 10-10.

Uptown Draft Information Service: Hull House, 4520 N. Beacon, 561-8033. Mon, nights.

CADRE: 519 W. North. 664-6895.

Lincoln Park Draft Counseling-600 W. Fullerton, 248-8828. 7pm-10pm Mon - Thurs.

SOUTH SIDE

Chicago Black Anti-War, Anti-Draft Union. 446 S. Michigan Av, 11am-6pm daily. 300 E 39th St. (YWCA) 7 to 9pm Tues, Thurs.

Hyde Park Draft Information Center: 5615 S. Woodlawn. 363-1248. 7-10pm Tues, Thurs, Wed.

Mandel Legal Aid Clinic, 6020 S. University, 324-5181 by appointment, Tues & Fri.

South Side Draft Information Center: 2355 W 63rd, 2nd Floor. 925-3686.

Roosevelt University Selective Service Counseling Organization. 430 S. Michigan Av. Rm 204. 341-2016 by appointment.

WEST SIDE

Lawndale Draft Counseling Program. 277-3140 or 762-2010 after 6 pm.

Austin Draft Counseling Center 4842 W. Madison 626-9385 Tues & Thurs 8-10 pm. Also Mondays from 7-9 pm at 5903 W. Fullerton.

SUBURBS

GARY - Lake County Draft Information Center,

3525 Jefferson, (219) 887-5497.

EVANSTON - Peace and World Affairs Center, 926 Chicago. 475-2260.

MAYWOOD - West Suburban Draft Counseling Center, 100 S. 19th Av., 344-2343.

LOMBARD - Draft Counseling Center, 1 S. Park 2nd Floor, 629-9146.

LA GRANGE - Area Draft Information Group, 24 W. Burlington. 352-6677.

TECHNY - North Shore Draft Information Group Divine Word Seminary, 1835 Waukegan Rd., 272-2700, Tues, Thurs 7:30-9:30pm.

NAPERVILLE - Council of Churches Information Center, 34 S. Washington. 355-0210, Wed Thurs. 7pm by appointment.

OAK PARK - Village Draft Counseling Information Service, 1st Presbyterian Church, 927 Lake St. 383-1872, Mon, Wed, Thurs, 7pm.

Will the following organizations please call us at the Seed and let us know what's happening, phone numbers, hours, etc.: Emerald City Drug Rescue and Ravenswood-Uptown Draft Counseling.

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The SEED welcomes feedback from readers concerning experiences with any of the organizations you listed in Free City Directory. Send all comments to The Seed; 950 W. Belmont; Chicago, Illinois 60606.

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GOOD NUMBERS								
SUNSHINE AIDE	2440 w 59th	7671565	Black Panther Party	4233 S Indiana	924-6575	People's Law	2156 N Halsted	929-1880
Kool Aide	12 E Walton	664-0505	IWW	2440 N Lincoln	549-5045	Counter Culture Law Project		649-8576
Y.A.T.S.		775-2211	Young Patriots	4403 N Sheridan	334-8957	VD Clinic (free)	27 E 26th St.	842-0222
Youth and Community Outreach		358-6702	LADO	2353 W North		Student Health ORg	1613 E 53rd	493-2741
Looking Glass (runaways)	1725 W Wilson	334-2601	Chi Peace Council	343 S Dearborn	922-6578	Black Panther Health Clinic		522-3220
Grace Church (runaways)	555 W Belden	929-3553	Peoples School	4409 Sheridan	561-6737	Benito Juarez Clinic	1831 N Racine	243-4844
Alice's Revisited	950 W Wrightwood	528-4250	Student Mobe	407 S Dearborn	922-1068	Young Patriots Clinic	4403 N Sheridan	334-8957
Seed	950 W Wrightwood	929-0133	GAY LIBERATION			Planned Parenthood	185 N Wabash	726-5134
Rising Up Angry		472-1791	Gay Liberation Front		472-2967	Fritz Englestein Health Ctr		348-8578
Chicago Defender		225-2400	U of I Circle Campus	day	663-2645	Abortion Counseling		643-3844
Second City	2136 N Halsted	549-8760		night	528-0564	TRIAL	2150 N Halsted	248-1600
Chicago Journalism Review		644-5255	Roosevelt U		472-2967	Movement for Democratic Military	1303 Morrow	689-2525
People's Info Center	2154 N Halsted	549-8626	Womens Caucus		642-7476	18th Street Auto Coop	421-4300 or 733-6761	
N Side Coop Ministry		281-0690	Mattachine Midwest		334-2244	Nation Lawyers Guild		929-3292
WOMENS LIBERATION			Third World Gay Revolutionaries		472-2967			
Womens Liberation Union		927-1790	U of Chicago		493-5658			
S Side Womens Ctr	5655 S University		Breadbasket		651-6000	Dial A Beating	11th & State	PIG-4000
La Dolores	2150 N Halsted	935-0364	Men Against Cool	477-9771 or 728-4338		Police Emergency		765-1113
Chicago Womens Liberation Union			Comm. of Ret. Vol.	840 W Oakdale	477-3340	Audy Home	2240 W Roosevelt	633-2706
	2875 W Cermak	927-1790	Community Legal Council		726-0157	Cook County POW Camp	2600 Calif	523-0101
			ACLU	6 S Clark	236-5564			

TO BE READ LISTENING TO JEFFERSON STARSHIP

blows against the empire

What are you going to do with the rest of the days of your life? Wait for the mail carrier to bring you an invitation to an earthen grave sent by reputable murderers, funeral homes, kremlins and pentagons? After all they "care" and "understand" don't they? . . . Meanwhile in the backrooms of the technocracies, they are drawing plans to build astral star vessels—fleets of them—for the privileged upper-class Aryans. Class Neil Armstrong-Yuri Gagarin "survivors" are now being selected. This is, people, no time to "wait and see." We should have our own starships.

. . . by any means necessary. . . I lie on my back at the predesignated spot in the wilderness. Anesthetic vapor fills the immediate area. My life thoughts, crazed neurotic, insane that they are, drift into peaceful unconsciousness. Cryogenic systems lower my body temperature to preservation. The Starship is on its way. Twenty-five light years later, I awaken ageless. I go topside and embrace the people I love.

We are orbiting New Genesis. Anarcho-astronauts name landing zone A: Emma.

We are home. . . Rudely woke up by the city noise, the stardream is vivid in my mind. Polluted haze and demon's rage return to scream inside. Will we deal with time or be left behind? We have twenty years to decide. I want to go. Those who want further information should get in touch. Telephones are tapped. Can they tap a telepath? Write even. Starship passengers and crews are needed. Apply now, travel later. . . really not too many sunrises from now.

Uncle Martin
Chicago Starship Collective



Middle East / Palestine

Information Packets
Posters
Literature
Slides
Speakers

WRITE:
MIDDLE EAST
RESEARCH AND INFORMATION PROJECT

P.O. Box 19162
Washington, DC
20036

P.O. Box 112
Charlestown, Mass.
02129

\$25,000 REWARD

ALIVE



PETER KELLEY

ADV.

I came upon a door which
had no key...
I found a veil past which
I could not see...
Some talk awhile of
THEE and ME...
And then someone said
"Eat at JEFF'S SNACK
SHOP and stop with
the poetry already!"
(958 W. Wrightwood -
Good food - good people)

YELLOW BLOTTERS

there still around and are still the monster dope of Chicagoland.....clean, pure, sweet, Cosmic L O V E on a blotter \$1.00 to \$1.50 per hit.....\$.75 in hundreds

ORGANIC PSILOCYBIN.....coming soon!!!

SUGAR CUBESanother pure, no speed trip.....prices not known

RED MICRODOTS.....microdots have very little room for speed or other buffers..... color is arbitrary.....Red ones at \$2.00 hit

SYNTHETIC Mescaline.....Evanston Red/Yellow caps.....a little speedy..... goes good with Apple Pie.....\$2.00 hit

MIDWEST DOPE DEALERS ASSN BULLETIN: Rush supplies to Evergreen Park.

Midwest Dope Dealers Assn/Yippie Offensive SATURDAY MARCH 13.....LINCOLN PARK

Special "Ghost" Dope.....Cuban Green 12 "Now you see it.....Now you don't"

"SPUD" Special.....Flower top pounds going at \$155.00.....Lower in quantity

JAMACIAN LIDS.....running rampant in Joliet.....\$20.00

DARK LEBONESE HASH.....2 toke hash really KILLER at a Killer price...\$5.00 gram

M.D.A.....loose powder (white).....usually snorted going at about \$2.50 hit

PEYOTE BUTTONS are finally returning to the Windy City..... price is high at \$1.50 per button

PANAMA RED.....Lids Only.....looks like tobacco, but there is a "marked" difference!!!!.....\$25.00 per lid

PURPLE PSILOCYBIN.....where are you!!

ORGANIC Mescaline.....orange powder in very large caps.....takes almost 3 hours to get on you, but it's well worth the wait

1 LID = 4 to 5 shot glasses 1 KILO = 2.2 POUNDS
1 POUND = 16 OUNCES (weight pound)

— DR. EPOD R



NOW AT THEATERS NEAR YOU, THE STUNNING FOLLOW-UP TO **FAIL-SAFE**. THE TRUE STORY OF...

FALSE ALARM FROM **NORAD**

SEE... FULL GROWN MEN
BEHAVE LIKE CHILDREN!

SEE... TYPICAL MILITARY
BUNGLING SET OFF
WIDESPREAD PANIC!!!

SEE... THE CIA AND
ARMY "INTELLIGENCE"
TAKE FULL CONTROL
OF THE AIRWAVES!!!

SEE... AMERICA'S MOST
FOOLPROOF DEFENSE
SYSTEM AT THE
HANDS OF 90 PROOF
FOOLS!!!

SEE FALSE ALARM
FROM **NORAD!**



PRESENTED BY METRO-
GOLDEN-MIRROR

STARRING...

BABY LEROY AS MAJ. GEN. WM. WASTEMORELAND • **R.M. NIXON** AS THE GREAT PRETENDER
MELVIN LAIRD AS THE DETECTIVE AND THE CROOK • **THE PUBLIC** AS THEMSELVES

WRITTEN AND PRODUCED BY THE PENTAGON • DIRECTED BY THE CIA AND ARMY INTELLIGENCE

"A BIG MISTAKE, THEY DIDN'T REALLY MEAN IT."
- CHICAGO TODAY
"WE HAD NO PART IN THIS WHATSOEVER!!!"
- THE U.S. ARMY
"EITHER DID WE"
- THE CIA
"THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE"
- AN OLD TRUISM

SCREENPLAY BY THE STRATEGIC COMMUNICA-
TIONS COMMAND. MUSIC BY THE REVOLVING
DOORS AND EDDY HUBBARD AND THE CRETINS.
PHOTOGRAPHED IN BLACK AND WHITE. HAND
COLORED BY RONALD ZIGLER (WHITE HOUSE
PRESS SECRETARY)

RATED **G** (GENERALS ONLY)

Daniel Cline